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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

VIEW OF ROME.

[From a correspondent of the Christian Watchman.]

ROME, February 14, 1839.

We have now been in Rome more than two weeks, and have allowed ourselves very little time for correspondence, so entirely occupied have we been in seeing the great sights of this 'city of the soul,' this 'chaos of ruins,'—'lone mother of dead empires.' If we could spend here as many months as we have spent days, every day would present some object of fresh interest to engage our attention and to reward the pains of investigation. As it is, I shall only be able to give now, a slight sketch of the course we have pursued, noticing some of the more important objects which we have seen.

We reached Rome about two o'clock in the morning, and having been detained at the gate about half an hour, for the examination of our passports, we proceeded to the Custom House, from which we were not released till nearly four o'clock. We had heard that Rome was full of strangers, as is usual on the approach of the Carnival, and had been told that we would find it difficult to obtain lodgings. We felt that the report was verified, when at the Hotel d'Europe, the porter replied to us from a wicket, that every room was full. We were directed, however, to apply at the Hotel Allemagne, where we found a vacant chamber, and to our most happy surprise, a good sized stove—a rare article of comfort, but often longed for by the shivering traveller, who feels that Italian winters have their chill blasts, as well as those of other climes.

It was a bright night when we first rode through the streets of Rome, and as we entered a large area adorned by an obelisk, and two fountains, whose waters were sparkling in the moon-beams, one of our company cried, 'There is St. Peter's.' I replied that the building before us looked in passing, like a miniature imitation, and would not allow myself to feel the disappointment of admitting *that* to be the real St. Peter's, the wonder of Rome and of the world. The first great object, therefore, which we visited on the succeeding day, was that famous temple, and found that it was a true conjecture which had been uttered the night before. I was filled with astonishment at the magic of its architecture, for having been somewhat acquainted with its dimensions, I expected to be awed by something collossal. But the various parts of this edifice are blended with such exquisite skill, that all which is enormous seems to have melted away, so as to give a new and unthought of meaning to those lines of Byron,

'Thou movest—but increasing with the advance
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities.
* * * * *
Thou see'st not all; but piecemeal thou must break
To separate contemplation the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make
That ask the eye, so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts, until thy mind had got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,
Not by its fault but thine.'

Although I have spent hours at different times in looking at St. Peter's from various points of view, one of the strongest impressions which I received of the glory of its architecture, was during a ride of several miles from the city. Then I saw that it was necessary to be at a distance to discern and feel all the grandeur of that dome, which for a while seemed to rise before us in more of loftiness and majesty, the farther we receded from it.

On the 2d of February, at the celebration of Candlemas, we saw the Pope in ceremony at St. Peter's, engaged in the service of blessing the candles. On that occasion an immense number of people were assembled there. It was a brilliant sight presented in the grand area before the church, when crowds on foot and in carriages were pressing toward that august temple. The approach to it is truly magnificent. Two hundred and eighty-four lofty pillars form an immense semi-circular collonnade, on the entablature of which is a balustrade, adorned with one hundred and ninety-two statues. From any part of the area which this encompasses, the whole front of the cathedral is seen to advantage, being raised on three flights of steps, extending four hundred feet in length, and rising to the height of one hundred and eighty, surmounted by a balustrade on which are thirteen statutes representing Christ and the Apostles.

Having admired for a while this splendid scene, we entered the Church, where the military were drawn up in two large lines, reaching from the door to the altar. A large body of people pressed around them. In the area, behind the altar, where the Pope and Cardinals were convened, only as many were admitted as the officers chose to invite. Being favored with an invitation to go within the line, we stood not far from the Pope's chair, to which he was conveyed in a sort of palanquin, on the shoulders of priests. The old man is now about 71 years of age; he has a very benignant countenance, and for one at his period of life, a powerful voice. Having reached his lofty chair, the Pontiff sat there most gorgeously arrayed, and having read the appointed serivce, a candle was presented to him for consecration. Each Cardinal drest in robes which shone with gold, then went before 'His Holiness,' bowed, kissed his hand, and received a candle which he bore away. Other ecclesiastics followed the Cardinals, knelt down, and kissed the foot instead of the hand. The whole was accompanied with fine music, and possessed a character, which justified the arrangement of one of the guide-books, which places church ceremonies amongst the *amusements* of Rome. It was certainly a splended relic of barbarism; but the chief thing which marred my pleasure in surveying it, was the fact that it was called a *Christian* service, for I freely confess that I would have enjoyed it more, if that temple had been surmounted with the crescent rather than the cross.

On Ash Wednesday, we saw the Pope in ceremony again, in that part of St. Peter's, called the Sistine Chapel, built by Pope Sextus IV. and painted by Michael Angelo. The painting of the last judgment on the wall behind the altar has long been celebrated, and I was eager to see it, in order to satisfy myself on the point, whether the greatest human genius in the arts, had not ventured too far in attempting such a subject. I had taken it for granted, however, for the most part, that the mind of the artist had risen with the occasion, and that his picture was adapted to produce an awful impression, and to give one a more vivid conception of the unearthly grandeur of that day, 'for which all other days were made.' But I was deeply disappointed, and turned from it with revolting. I must call it a failure, because I cannot see how it can call forth such emotions as the artist designed to awaken. And whose pencil would not fail on such a subject? Who could produce a picture, which would not fall below the conception of any man familiar with his Bible, and accustomed to combine the elements of that overwhelming scene, in which the 'Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father and the Holy Angels,' in which shall be revealed 'a God in grandeur, and a world on fire?' Human genius failed here, because it is not in human nature to succeed.

The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel was painted by Michael Angelo, and the walls were adorned with pictures of Scripture history by other artists. While we were admiring these, the Cardinals entered, one by one, bowed to each other and took their seats, each having a chaplain in attendance, who sat at his feet. After an hour had elapsed, the Pope entered, ascended to his seat, and read the service. The Cardinals then put on their golden robes, advanced to the papal seat, knelt before the Pontiff, kissed his hand, and received the sacred ashes on their heads in the form of a cross, as a token of their humiliation. All below the rank of Cardinals, embraced and kissed the Pope's feet, then waited to receive the badge of humility. Thus commences Lent, the long fast of the Romish Church; 'which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship and humility, and neglecting of the body, not in any honor to the satisfying of the flesh.'

It has been our good fortune to witness an illumination of St. Peter's, an event which does not usually occur at this season of the year, but which has been ordered now in honor of the crown prince of Russia, who is here on a visit. Never have I seen any work of man, of such surpassing splendor. From the top of the cross, which is four hundred and forty-eight feet high, down to the ground, the temple blazed with lights, exhibiting every shaft, capital, frieze and cornice, in all the beauty of their fair proportions. All Rome was gazing on one object then; and the words describing the apostle's vision were constantly in my mind: 'I John saw the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven.' It seemed as if no human imagination could conceive of a more splendid specimen of the 'celestial city.'

Yours, &c. H.

HUMILIATION BEFORE GOD.

(Extract from Tholuck's Sermon on Fruitless Resolutions.)

We must, I say, humble ourselves before God; that is, our grief for sin must be in view of the fact, that we have grieved our Maker, and this our grief must be expressed in a confession before him. A certain kind of grief for sins and vices is indeed experienced by all, but it is difficult to believe in how many cases this is simply and solely humiliation and grief for the sake of men, for the sake of the injury and shame which we have prepared for ourselves in the sight of others. Yea, so incessantly do we glance our eyes toward men, that we may say it would be a very great advance in piety, if one should attain such a state as to grieve over each of his iniquities, simply because it has offended his God and Lord. Even from childhood, we are instructed in these modern times, to fix our eyes, in committing iniquity, only upon the opinions of our fellow mortals. It is no longer said, as formerly, to the child, 'do not that thing, the beloved Lord sees it;' it is now said, 'be well behaved; what will the people say!' And so, therefore, we grow up, our glance directed always to men alone, and if we are ever ashamed of our vices, it is on account of the eye of man, and not on account of that eye, which seeth the hidden recess of the heart. Oh that you might again understand, what is the high and holy meaning of the word—religion! What meaning has it other than—regard for God! It is such a disposition of the inner man, as leads him to look through all things, through nature, through art, through his goods, through his palaces, through his tears of joy, and through his tears of sorrow, through all—to God. But if there must be religion, a regard to God, even in our sorrow for sin, how should it be exercised? Our sorrow must arise from this, that our iniquities have grieved our Maker.—What says David, when he had committed a grievous crime against his fellow men?—'Lord, against Thee only have I sinned,' he cries. Not that he wished to hide from himself the truth that he had committed a sad offence against his brother; but the fact that he had, in sinning against his brother, sinned also against the commandment of his Creator, this is the sting which most deeply pierces his conscience: this it is which makes his pain so heart-rending. And what says Paul, when he was accused of having conducted himself improperly in his office? 'It is a small thing that I am judged by a human tribunal. It is the Lord who judgeth me.' Our humility for our sins must of necessity have this character, in order that strength of resolution may go forth from it. If it be not of this kind, it is not of the spiritual kind. You have surprised yourself in incontinence, in vanity, in anger; you are ashamed before others; yea, you are ashamed before your own conscience. Beloved brother, so long as you are not ashamed, that you have sinned against your Father in heaven, your sorrow is not a spiritual sorrow. You have trespassed against your fellow-man, you have perhaps made his wife and child unhappy, you have even plunged him into the grave. You beat upon your breast—'Wo is me, I have made a family miserable!' Man, thy pain is great and deserved; but it is not wholly spiritual; there yet cleaves to it such compassion as flows from mere natural sensibility. 'Against Thee only have I sinned and done evil,' cries David to the Lord. And again, Lord, be merciful to me and heal my soul; for against thee have I sinned! This and only this, is the pain which gives to our humility the character of true spiritual penitence.

And the grief for our sins before God should be poured out in a confession before him.—This bare thought, flitting before the mind amid the bustle of life, 'I have again been led astray, and grieved my Lord and God,'—it is too transitory a thought, to be able to impart strength of resolve. We must step before the eye of Him who seeth in secret; and as our pain for transgressions gains spirituality by means of our sorrow before Jehovah, so does it gain depth by our confessions before him.—

Why, why, my friends, has our Lord laid so great stress upon praying in the retired closet, and under the eye of him who seeth in secret? This is the reason; man does not, as a matter of fact, come near to God, while he thinks of him only transitorily, amid the intercourse of life. In solitude do we first dwell with ourselves; in solitude does God first dwell with us. The eye, when it suddenly comes from darkness into the light, requires some time to accustom itself to the brightness; so the heart of man requires some time, before it can so adjust its powers as to receive into itself the full radiance of the Divinity. When in the closet, you first spread out all the faults of your heart before God, then for the first time does the sun of divine grace penetrate, with its mild rays, deeper and still deeper into your soul.—Your humility for sin became spiritual, when you grieved before the eye which seeth in secret; it becomes deep when you express your grief before the same all-seeing Judge. Brethren, if the confession of our guilt before a man whom we have injured is pleasant, and gives great aid in self-reformation, how much more must this be the case with the confession of our guilt before God, our heavenly Father.

TRUTH.—The eye, by long use, comes to see, even in the darkest cavern; and there is no subject so obscure, but we may discern some glimpse of truth by long poring on it.—Truth is the cry of all, but the game of a few. Certainly where it is the chief passion, it doth not give way to vulgar cares and views; nor is it contented with a little ardor in the early time of life; active, perhaps, to pursue, but not so fit to weigh and refuse. He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the later growth as well as the first fruits, at the altar of truth. —*Bishop Berkeley.*

LITERATURE OF THE JEWS.

The Jews have no epic poem to throw a lustre on the early annals of their literature. Even the song of songs is allowed to have a spiritual import, pointing to much higher themes than Solomon and his Egyptian bride. A solemn gravity pervades all their writing, befitting a people who were charged with the religious history of the world and with the oracles of Divine truth. No smile appears to have ever brightened the countenance of a Jewish author,—no trifling thought to have passed through his mind,—no ludicrous association to have been formed in his fancy. In describing the flood of Deucalion, the Roman poet laughs at the grotesque misery which he himself exhibits, and purposely groups together objects with the intention of exciting in his readers the feeling of ridicule. But in no instance can we detect the faintest symptom of levity in the Hebrew penmen; their style like their subject, is uniformly exalted, chaste and severe; they wrote to men concerning the things of God, in a manner suitable to such a momentous communication, and they never ceased to remember that, in all their records, whether historical or prophetic, they were employed in propagating those glad tidings by which all the families of the earth were to be blessed.

There can be no stronger proof of the pure and sublime nature of Hebrew poetry than is supplied by the remarkable fact that it has been introduced into the service of the Christian church and found suitable for expressing those lofty sentiments with which the gospel inspires the heart of every true worshipper. No other nation of the ancient world has produced a single poem which could be used by an enlightened people in these days for the purpose of devotion. Hesiod, although much esteemed for the moral tone of his compositions, presents very few ideas indeed, capable of being accommodated to the theology of an improved age. In perusing the works of the greatest writers of paganism, we are struck with a monstrous incongruity in all their conceptions of the Supreme being. The majesty with which the Hebrews surrounded Jehovah is entirely wanting, the attributes belonging to the great Sovereign of the universe are not appreciated, the providence of the Divine mind, united with the benevolence, compassion, and mercy, is never found to enter into their descriptions of the eternal first cause; while their incessasnt deviations into polytheism outrage our religious feelings, and carry us back to the very rudest periods of human misery.

In these respects the literature of the Jews is far exalted above that of every other nation of which history has preserved any traces. It must be acknowledged that we remain ignorant of the learning and theological opinions cultivated among the Persians at the time when the Jews were under their dominion, and cannot therefore determine the precise extent to which the dogmas of the captive tribes were affected by their intercourse with a race of men who certainly taught the doctrine of the Divine unity, and abstained from idolatrous usages. But confining our judgment even to the oldest compositions of the Hebrews, those, for example, which may be traced to the days of Moses, of Samuel, and of David, we cannot hesitate to pronounce that they are distinguished by a remarkable peculiarity, indicating by the most unambiguous tokens, that in all things pertaining to religious belief the descendants of Jacob were placed under a special superintendance and direction.—*Russel's Palestine or the Holy Land.*

PRAYER.—Prayer is the ornament of the priesthood, the most essential duty of a minister, the soul of all his functions. Without prayer he is no longer of any use in the ministry—of any service to Christians. He plants, but God does not give the increase; he preaches, but his words are as sounding brass; he recites the praises of the Lord, but his heart does not join in them, and he honors God but with his lips. In one word, without prayer, a minister is without soul and without life, all whose labors in the vineyard of the Lord are but like the mechanical movements of an inanimate machine. It is then prayer alone, which constitutes the strength and the success of his different services; and he ceases to be acceptable to God or useful to man, as soon as he ceases to pray. In prayer consists all his consolation; and his functions become to him like the yoke of a hireling—like hard, burdensome, and painful tasks, if prayer neither alleviates their burden, solaces their pains, nor consoles him for the little success attending them.—*Massillon.*

[From the Pastor's Journal.]

LIQUOR—MURDER—EXECUTION.

Ten days ago, was executed in this village, (Carthage, Hancock Co., Ill.,) a young man, named Fraime. A year since, on the Illinois river, in Schulyer county, in a *grocery* he committed murder. He changed his trial from that county to this, and during the last term of our court he was put upon trial for his life, convicted, sentenced, and on Saturday, the 18th inst., was hung.

It was my melancholy duty, as a minister of the Gospel, to visit him from day to day, and to give him that instruction which the awful situation of his soul demanded. I had long and frequent interviews with him, and learned in detail, the history of his wretched life. When a boy, eight years old, he, through the influence of groceries, began to drink; and this he told me was the first and main cause of his ruin. The habit of using intoxicating liquor was continued till his confinement; and the crime for which he died was committed under the influence of liquor, and in a grocery—in which he and the man whom he murdered were drinking gin. And, in all my conversations with him, he would say, 'It was liquor that brought me here.'

The evening previous to his execution, I asked him, if he had any request to leave behind. 'Yes,' said he promptly, 'Tell *every young* man not to drink liquor; tell them to fly from it, it is the root of all evil—it has brought me to this dungeon, and caused these heavy irons to be bound on my feet and hands.' I attended him at the gallows, and before three thousand persons did I hear him in tones that ought to have melted every heart, tell them that 'Liquor was the cause by which he was doomed to die.' To use his own words, 'You see before you a young man, eighteen years and six months old, who is to die in less than two hours; and what do you think brought him here? I will tell you; it was whiskey, or rather intoxicating liquor that did it.' And in the deepest agony of his soul he would exclaim, 'It was *liquor, liquor*, that brought me to this dreadful end!' 'And,' said he, 'I warn every young man, and old man, and every boy, not to touch or have any thing to do with liquor.' And poor Fraime died with the words upon his lips, 'It was liquor that brought me to the gallows!'

Ah! how I wished every grog-seller could have heard him, and, if their hearts were not as hard as a rock, they must have been touched.

I rose on the scaffold, and made an appeal to the immense multitude in favor of temperance, and added my voice with that of Fraime's, against groceries and the use of liquor. Ah! it made my heart bleed, to see that young man in the bloom of life, in full muscular vigor, sent into eternity, I am afraid, unprepared. '*Who slew him?*' I asked, and echo repeated '*Who slew him?*' And the voice of the criminal answered, 'It was groceries—liquor—liquor.'

O my God, I cried, speed the glorious cause of temperance, till every still-house is closed—every grocery is shut up—and every nation under the whole heavens, make the act of manufacturing and vending intoxicating liquor, a crime punishable with severe penalties! Ten thousand murders—and ten thousand weeping voices—respond and say, Amen!

'I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmund, and the Alcoran; than that this universal frame is without a *mind*. God never wrought a miracle to convert an Atheist, because his ordinary works confute him.'—*Bacon.*

PEACE.—Peace draweth blessed effects after it; makes kingdoms flourish, and private men easy. It is an inlet to wealth, promotes trade; is the guardian of liberty; advances arts and sciences; begets and establishes order; is an ornament to the world, an advantage and pleasure to man, and brings glory to God.—Whereas, on the other hand, discord defaces the beauty of his work, unsettles whole communities, fills the breasts of individuals with disaffection or diffidence, discourages improvements, introducing poverty and leaving the face of nature rude and desolate.—*Fletcher.*

GOING TO CHURCH.

'What is the use,' said the pupil of a medical friend of ours one morning to his master, on their way to a place of worship, 'what is the use of going to church, when you only hear the same thing over again?' 'What is the use,' replied the master, 'of breakfasting, dining, and supping every day, when you only eat the same things over again?' 'I do not see,' said the youth, 'that the cases at all resemble each other. I must eat to support my life and nourish my body, which would otherwise languish and die.' 'The cases are more parallel than you are aware,' rejoined the master. 'What food is to the body, the ordinances of religion are to the soul. As the natural life in the one will languish and decay, unless we maintain it by the bounties of God's providence, so the divine life in the other will wither and die, unless our passions be regulated by the influence of grace.'

'How does it happen, then,' inquired the young man, 'that all have not the same relish for religious exercises, while all have the same appetite for their bodily food?'

'There,' answered the master, 'you again mistake the matter. It is very true that if our bodies are in health, we desire and relish our daily bread; but when we are sick, it is widely different; we have then not only no relish for food, but even loath it; and not unfrequently desire that which is unnatural and injurious. So it is with the soul. When that is at peace with God, through the redemption which is in Christ, it is in health; and not only desires, but relishes those exercises of devotion, and can not exist without them; but while the soul continues in sin, it is in a state of disease, and having no appetite for spiritual food, it dislikes both the seasons and the exercises of devotion, considers the Lord's day a weariness, and avoids the society of his people. Nor does the resemblance stop even here; for as bodily disease, unless removed by the hand of skill, will speedily terminate our present existence; so the continuance of that spiritual disease, I mean sin, which we derive from our first parents, will issue in that spiritual and eternal death which consists in the everlasting exclusion of the soul from the presence and favor of its Creator.'

'The great truths, the paternal providence of God, and another life, have been acknowledged to be great and important, and worthy of God to teach.—But the manner in which they have been revealed has not been recognized as equally worthy of the Deity.—'Why, it has often been asked, why were not these truths written out upon the Firmament, so that all men might read without the possibility of a mistake, or proclaimed, as by an archangel's trump, so that the whole world might hear? Alas! there is much written from of old in unfadiug characters all over the sky, the earth, and the sea. There are myriads of voices sounding on from eternity to eternity through all the heights and depths of the universe—but where is the seeing eye, the hearing ear? Such methods of revelation as above proposed are mere human devices. The mode actually adopted in the Christian dispensation harmonises perfectly with the deepest principles of human nature, and displays the safe wisdom by which that nature was fashioned. Man has been addressed through man. One has been raised up to communicate the life of truth through his own life, to point men not into space but into their own souls, there to read the will and behold the countenance and discern the spirit of God In his spiritual features beams the glory of God. The character of Christ is the Rock of Christian Faith, the high tower which cannot be hid by the thickest clouds that steam up from the ignorance and corruption of earth—which assures us that the city of God is there, the dwelling place of unchanging Truth.'—*W. H. Furness.*

BELIEVING PRAYER.—It is the very nature of prayer in faith, to cast all manner of care, and every burden on the Lord; guilt, corruption, trial, temptation, whatever it be, to come and lay it all upon Christ; and this, with a certain confidence in him, which both does him the highest honor, and makes him best pleased with us. It charges Christ with all, and leaves every thing with him. It says, 'Lord, here are all these sins that I have done; here are all these temptations I have to struggle with; here are all these corruptions to subdue; here is all this work to be performed; and I am a poor helpless thing; behold, I humbly lay it all upon thee, leave it all and every part with thee. And I know thou canst, and thou hast told me thou wilt take care of the whole. It is thy gracious offer to do so, and thou delightest to do it: Lord I cast all my care on thee.'—*Walker.*

SILENT PRAYER.—In the extremity of pain, the Christian feels there is no consolation but in humble acquiescence in the Divine will. It may be that he can pray a little, but that little will be fervent. He can articulate, perhaps, not at all, but his prayer is addressed to one who sees the heart; who can interpret its language; who requires not words, but affections. A pang endured without a murmur, or only such an involuntary groan as nature extorts, and faith regrets, is itself a prayer. We have a striking instance of an answer to silent prayer in the case of Moses. In a situation of extreme distress, when he had not uttered a word, 'the Lord said unto him, I have heard thy crying.'—*Hannah More.*

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Where can we find on earth so safe, or so comfortable a retreat, when calamities assail or threaten us, as here in the house of our God? doth not his cross stand over it on purpose to direct us hither, when we are ready to sink under the burthen of our own? When God's judgments are abroad in the world and the avenger of our sins pursues us; more particularly, when the land is moved and divided; when the pillars thereof shake and tremble, and the foundations are ready to be cast down; when all things are in ferment, and in commotion round about us, and men's hearts ready to fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which are to come upon the earth; where should we rather take sanctuary, where can we more probably find help, and redress, than at the altar of the God of mercy, and under the shadow of the wings of his mercy-seat?—*Archbishop Sancroft.*

JOHN JAY.

Of all the remarkable men who have borne a conspicuous part in the public concerns of this country for the last fifty years, there is not one in the estimation of the writer of this, whose memory deserves to be held in greater veneration, or whose character will stand fairer on the page of impartial history, than the late Chief Justice Jay. The following just tribute is from the Connecticut Observer, being an extract from a discourse delivered on a recent occasion by Dr Hawes, the subject of which was the Character and Influence of able Statesmen.—*The Friend.*

Were I now to select, from the whole circle of our history, the man in whom are most perfectly realised all these traits of character, which go to fill up my idea of truly great statesmen, I would fix upon the pure, disinterested, patriotic JOHN JAY. And as I have here introduced his name, I will dwell for a moment on his character, especially as it will serve most happily to illustrate the topic now under consideration. This illustrious and most useful man descended from one of the most numerous families of the Huguenots, who fled to this country from persecution, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and of whom he has recorded this fact, that 'he never knew one of them ask or receive,' so true is it that God remembers mercy for the posterity of those that love and fear his name. Born and educated in the city of New York, he studied and commenced the practice of law with eminent success; he entered into the service of his country, at the opening of our revolutionary struggle; at the early age of twenty-nine, was chosen a member of the first Congress, which met a Philadelphia. From that period till his final retirement, his whole life was a life of public service. He successively filled many of the most important offices in the gift of his country. He was several times a member of the Continental Congress, of which body he was chosen president; he was a member of the Convention of his native State to form a constitution, and afterwards Chief Justice of the State. Subsequently he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain; then one of the commissioners to negotiate a peace with Great Britain; then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and a short time acted as Secretary of State under Washington; then Chief Justice of the U. States; then Envoy to Great Britain, and finally Governor of the State of New York, which station he occupied from 1795 till 1801, when he finally retired from public life, at the age of fifty-six. In all these important offices, he maintained the same uniform character of integrity and uprightness; and the duties of them he discharged with an ability and success never surpassed. His intellectual and moral endowments were of the first order; and some of his early political papers were pronounced, by so great an authority as that of Lord Chatham, to be among the finest productions of the master states of the world. He had a clear and perfectly well-balanced mind, never clouded by prejudice, nor ruffled by passion, and controlled in all its purposes and acts by a constant sense of accountability to a higher power. Perfectly just, candid and open-hearted, he was a safe counsellor in the most difficult circumstances; a statesman of high, disinterested aims; a judge of great capacity and learning; and well has it been said of him, that when 'the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay, it touched nothing not as spotless as itself.' His integrity was above suspicion. A thoroughly honest, upright man, he sought duty, and faithfully adhered to it, in all the transactions of life. His regard for the sacred oracles, and his constant sense of moral obligation, gave him, what most public men most egregiously want, the firm hold of a body of unchanging opinions. With him right and politic were identical, and he could never have any fellowship with those politicians, who affect to find in public opinion the only standard of right and wrong. His disinterestedness was as remarkable as his integrity. Human fame he regarded as a bubble, and he gave it no place among his motives of action. Neither courting nor dreading the public opinion on the one hand, nor disregarding it on the other, he devoted himself to the service of his country from a sense of duty; and from the same pure motive, he steadily adhered to what he regarded as her best interests, till the close of life. He never sought for an office, nor declined, nor accepted one, but from conviction of duty; and as to all the low, selfish arts of demagogues, he held them in perfect abhorrence. He used to say, and who does not believe it to be true, that from Absalom down, there had never been an honest demagogue.

During the six years that he filled the governor's chair, not one individual was dismissed by him from office, on account of his politics. His only question in appointing to, and retaining persons in office, was, is he qualified for the place; and so long as an officer discharged his duties with fidelity and ability, he was sure of being continued in his station. When in 1800

Mr Jefferson, who was his political opponent, came into office of president, Governor Jay had it in his power to defeat his election, by calling together the legislature of the state, at an earlier period than usual, to appoint electors. He was urged to do this by some able political friends: but he declined, and on the back of a letter received from one of them, relating to this subject he wrote this short sentence; it speaks volumes for his disinterestedness,—'*Proposing a measure for party purposes which I think it would not become me to adopt.*' To crown all, he was a devoted Christian, a man of piety and prayer. He feared and loved God, and in all his doings, manifested a sacred reverence to his will and glory. This gave stability to his character, purity to his motives, elevation to his aims, and consistency to his whole life. His patriotism was of a pure and lofty character, because it was based on virtue, and guided by the precepts of the gospel; and he would never sacrifice the smallest point of truth and right to any measures of expediency whatever. In 1785, he was elected president of the New York Society for the manumission of slaves; and had his counsels prevailed, there would not, at this day, have been a single slave in our country. While in Spain this subject occupied his thoughts; and in a letter to a friend in this country, he wrote thus: 'Till America comes into this measure,' the measure of emancipation, 'her prayers to heaven will be impious. I believe God governs the world, and I believe it to be a maxim in his, as in our court, that those who ask for equity, ought to do it.'

In 1821 he was chosen president of the American Bible Society, which office he held till the year previous to his death, when increasing age and infirmities obliged him to resign it. He died at his residence in Bedford in 1829, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His sun went down full orbed and bright. Not a cloud, not a spot obscured its radiance. He sunk quietly to rest, full of years and full of honors; and his works and his character remain to bless posterity. He had lived to see the great principles and measures of government which he advocated, and especially the British treaty, which he negociated, and which, at the time, brought upon him a world of odium and abuse, from the opposing political party of the day—he lived to see them all tested by time, and crowned with complete success. He survived all those who had been personally opposed to him in politics, and when he left the world, he probably had not an enemy in it. He stood among the living in the evening of his days, as the venerable patriarch of another age, revered and loved by all who knew him: exhibiting an example of true republican, Christian simplicity, and waiting, like good old Simeon, in calmness and serenity of unclouded hope, the time of his departure. I can think of no higher service which could be done to the young aspiring minds of our country, than to persuade them to read and study the life of John Jay. He stands among the purest and noblest characters which this or any other country ever beheld. It is refreshing, amid the conflicts of party, and the selfish strifes of low demagogues and little politicians, so common in our day, to contemplate a character at once so highly gifted in intellect, so pure, so disinterested, so imbued with the fear and the love of God, so, in all respects, such as realises our idea of a great, wise, patriotic, Christian statesman. It is no detraction from the merits of Washington, to say, that our country is as much indebted to Jay as to him, for its independence and prosperity. If Washington was first on the field, Jay was first in the cabinet. Their spheres of influence were different. Washington was great in arms, and great as holding up a standard around which the country could rally. Jay was great in council, in negotiation, in consolidating and giving a wise direction to our government in those most perilous times, which immediately preceded and followed the formation of our present constitution. but we need not be careful to fix the relative merits of these two illustrious men. They both acted a most conspicuous and useful part on the stage of our public affairs: in life they loved and confided in each other as bosom friends: and though at death they were separated for a season, we cannot doubt that they are now reunited in a purer and happier world, and are enjoying the rewards of good and faithful servants in the kingdom of glory.

O come the day when other statesmen, such as these, shall rise to guide our counsels, and bless the nation with the hallowed uniting influence of *talent combined with integrity, disinterestedness, and the love of God.*

COWPER.

Dr Southey brought to his work advantages which have been rarely enjoyed by previous biographers. Every channel of information was readily opened to his inquiries; manuscript letters were offered to his inspection, and his own intimate acquaintance with our poetical literature, combined with the purity of his taste and the sincerity of his admiration, enabled him to apply these aids in the most effective manner. Mr Willmott and Dr Southey have coincided in letting the poet, as far as possible, relate his own story in those beautiful letters which would preserve his memory, though all his verses were forgotten. One of the most interesting passages of Mr Willmott's memoir is the account of descriptive painting among the classic writers contrasted with the same faculty in Cowper. These remarks we shall quote, in the belief that the severest criticism will admit the beauty of the sentiment, and the elegance of the diction;—

'The poetical character of Cowper ought always to be considered in relation to the condition of our poetry at his appearance. The harp of Thomson was silent; the picturesque fancy of Collins shone only for a brief season, and was extinguished with his reason; Gray had bequeathed his lyre to Mason; the rich and the beautiful colors of Akenside attracted few admirers; the classical paintings of Glover faded with the excitement of political fervor; and the splendid declamation of Johnson rolled faintly over the popular ear. Darwin and Hayley were the laureates of the age; the first, by the brilliancy of his picture-poetry, dazzling the eye with a succession of pageants; the second, by the polished elegance and skilful mechanism of his verse, dividing the applause of the literary public. One addressed himself to the eye, the other to the ear, and neither to the heart. Darwin blazed into eminence, and by the glitter of his fancy and the luxuriance of his versification, succeeded in charming into captivity the purest taste. Even Cowper, in some graceful lines paid a tribute to the

'Sweet harmonist of Flora's court.'

But though he praised his works he did not imitate them. He at once crossed, it has been said, the enchanted circle, and by breaking through the barriers between poetry and truth, regained the natural liberty of invention. His admiration of his ancestor, Donne, did not embrace his rhymes. He loved simplicity and all the unaffected graces of nature. Nothing was too humble for his song. He knew that the sweetest honey lay hidden in the bosom of the humblest flowers; and that from the shell, struck in an earlier age by a heedless foot, the hand of the master drew forth a strain of artful melody."

To Cowper belongs pre-eminently, the author remarks, above any writer in our language, the title of the poet of the affections. Campbell compares the 'Task' to a playful little fountain, which gathers beauty and magnitude as it proceeds. Cowper found the fountain in his heart. He has brought the muse, in her most attractive form, to sit down by our hearths; and has breathed a sanctity over the daily economy of our existence. 'He builds up no magic castles; he conducts us into no enchanted gardens; no silver lutes sigh through his verse; no wings of fairy glisten over his page. Instead of wandering along the shores of old romance, he teaches us out of the book of life, and invests with a delightful charm the commonest offices of humanity.' A poem thus addressing itself to the hopes and sympathies of mankind, will be widely felt and universally understood. When the poet works in the circle of the affections every one acknowledges the spell of the magician. In proportion, on the other hand, as a poem recedes from the familiar pleasures and affections of life, the reader's attention begins to droop; and, like Cowper among the romantic scenes of Eartham, he pines for the gentler scenery of home. He pauses with no delight upon the variegated fancy of Davenant, the serious sweetness of Spenser, or the resplendent visions of Milton; and joyfully exchanges the beautiful pomp of the Attic mythology for the dearer recollections of his native village; for the garden gate over which he has often hung; the humming of the bees and the piping of the robin in his own apple tree. Cowper, continues the writer, always associates the reader in his amusements and employments: whether we wander by his side along the banks of the Thames, feeding

'On scarlet hips, or stony haws,'

or gaze, with the dear companion of his walks, upon

'The distant plough, slow moving;'

or meditate under the roof—

——— Moveable through all its length,
As the wind sways it;'

or listen to the stock-dove, that unalarmed,

'Sits cooing in the pine tree, nor suspends
Her long love ditty.'

or behold his shadow in a winter morning,

'Walk along the plastered wall.'

His pictures of in-door life have similar attractions; we seat ourselves round the glowing hearth, and watch the hares 'frolic on the floor,' or the needle 'ply its busy task,' or the parlor twilight uplifting the 'shadow to the ceiling;' or listen to the 'story of the traveller,' or the 'legend of the poet'—

'By one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest.'

We weave nets to protect the 'bird-alluring fruit,' or twine silken thread round ivory wheels, and close the evening 'with a radish and an egg,' and a pleasant song from Lady Austen.'—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

For the Register and Observer.

ANOTHER CELEBRATION.

Every new celebration of Sunday School Anniversaries seems to add but another proof of their power of doing good, and of their growing interest in the public estimation. On Wednesday last week, the Sunday school of the South Congregational Society, (Rev. Mr. Motte's,) accompanied by many of their parents, former pupils and invited guests, amounting in all perhaps to the number of three hundred, celebrated for the third time, their anniversary in the country. Provided with a sufficient number of cars, they were rapidly conveyed by the Worcester train to the place of their encampment in Needham. Time and space seemed to have been annihilated,—one moment wedged as it were between the brick walls and dusty streets of the city, and the next, wending their way in a long continuous line from the place of their landing,—forming with their white garments and blue ribbons a beautiful contrast with the green herbage and the surrounding forest, until they reached the rural grove, where the amusements of the day were to be commenced. The whole company were soon dispersed,—some to the woods in search of berries of which there were not a few,—some to float in the air by the aid of swings attached to the largest oaks of the forest,—some to the ponds for water lilies,—and others to roam at large to gather the 'wood-flowers wild.'

At noon, at the sound of the bell, preceded by some videttes bearing in their hands, flower-wreathed branches, the line was again formed, and the whole proceeded under the command of their leaders, to a new scene of recreation and improvement. Ascending by gentle degrees a gradual elevation, diverging now to the right, and now to the left, over fields and through bars, they came in sight at length, on a table-piece of land, at the summit of the mount, having at extended view of the surrounding scenery, and beneath a grove of lofty trees,—of a tent, supported by natures own pillars, and decorated by the hand of art, with streamers, flags, banners and flowers, with a bust of Washington,—a piano-forte,—and better than all for the children,—with four extended tables loaded profusely with meats, cakes, milk,—flowing as one of the speakers remarked, as if from the rocks,—and with various other dainties to satisfy the taste as well as the appetite.

A blessing having been craved, and the repast over, a beautiful hymn and an anthem were sung, and sweetly too, by the teachers and pupils. After which the Rev. Mr Motte, their Pastor, addressed the assembly, with some exceedingly appropriate and impressive words; inculcating from the scene around and before them, the duty of loving God, supremely, one another affectionately, and all men of whatever sect, or party or nation as they loved themselves. Their superintendent, (W. P. Jarvis Esq.) followed, and called the attention of his young friends to the circumstances by which they were surrounded; to the banners which decorated their sylvan hall, the day for which they were originally prepared and used, and of their obligations to appreciate and improve their advantages, and study to deserve them. Rev. Hubbard Winslow, who had accepted the invitation to attend on this occasion, next spoke, and expressed the gratification he felt in being present and witnessing the kindness and love which they had manifested toward each other through the day; and of their duty to be grateful to the Great Giver of all those things around them, upon which their eyes were gazing, and their appetites feasting. Their friends, he said, had provided liberally for their bodies, and they must improve it by converting the occassion into a season of spiritual good. He spoke of the resemblance of this multitude, to that which eighteen hundred years ago followed into another wilderness, that bright and beautiful Being, hungering and thirsting for spiritual food, forgot to make provision for their bodies, and which was supplied to them by the exercise of a miraculous power on his part. The same great and good Being, he said, who enabled him to do this, was the same who was supplying them at this moment, and at all times, with all their physical and spiritual wants. For this he exhorted and enjoined upon them, to have always grateful hearts to the Author of every good. Mr Lewis G. Pray then addressed the children, and singing intervening, was followed by Mr R. W. Bayley, who contrasted their grove with one he had recently seen in the great west;—there poverty and ignorance—here plenty and intelligence,—and impressed upon the young their obligations to be thankful for their privileges.

Unfortunately a shower now came on, and interrupted their remaining exercises; but the kindest hospitality having been extended to them on the part of their neighbors, they spent the remainder of the day, in their domicile or on their grounds in a joyous and happy manner. At the expected hour they returned to the city, as they came, greatly refreshed and improved by the precepts and pleasures of the day. The young will never forget its words or its scenes, and the old have learnt new lessons from it, which will be profitable to them through life, and influence their destinies, it may be, for eternity.

A GUEST.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor,—I believe, that I express the wish of many heads of families, when I say, that I desire to obtain a list of Books fitted to interest and instruct Domestics. In all our houses, the Domestics have some leisure which might usefully be given to reading; and it cannot be doubted, that with the resources of a small but well chosen library, they would spend many hours cheerfully and profitably which are now lost or worse than lost. Many of them it is to be feared, seek society and make pernicious acquaintances abroad, simply for want of some innocent and pleasant occupation at home. Is it not our duty to furnish the means of instruction and enjoyment now proposed, to those under our roof? May we not thus help to form in the young a love of knowledge and a relish for good books, which may contribute to the improvement and happiness of the whole life? May we not thus help to give impressions of religion and duty, which may protect the young, and strengthen those in maturer years? Undoubtedly many heads of families would rejoice to form such a collection of books, if they knew the fit materials. Can any of your correspondents give us the benefit of their experience on this point? We wish to know, what books on all subjects and especially on religion have been found to take the strongest hold on the class of persons, for whose improvement and enjoyment the proposed collection is to be made. Domestics form a large and very important part of society; and the happiness of all our families depends not a little on their good principles, good disposition and intelligence. The relation between them and their employers, as it exists now, is not what it should be. Can it not be made far happier to both parties, more virtuous, more Christian?

And among the means of effecting the change, is not the one now recommended, deserving the attention of a Christian housekeeper?

A FRIEND.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—Allow me through the columns of your paper, to call the attention of your readers (especially clergymen) to the subject of Church Music—I am aware much has been said and written upon the subject of late years, and it is not my intention to discuss its merits at this time; but merely point out two or three defects existing almost universally among the clergy. I refer to the selection of Hymns. Many are in the habit of delaying the selection of hymns until they go into the desk, and then in the hurry of the moment, they have not time to make a good selection, as it respects appropriateness to the subject of the discourse, and a good variety of metres. I am often induced to believe that very few clergymen know any thing about music, by often selecting hymns of the same metres for the day. All this, however, could be endured if they would read the same hymns they send the leader of the choir—they must know, if they know any thing of music, that it requires time and judgment for the selection of appropriate tunes for the hymns. Hence the unenviable, perplexing, irritating and disagreeable situation of the Leader—after he has selected a tune, for the minister to get up, and having forgotten the number he sent him, read another of different Metre, and subject—this is no uncommon thing, but in fact of every day's occurrence—I have the charge of a choir connected with one of our churches in this City, and every Sabbath without one single exception, I have been subjected to the above named perplexing circumstance.

The result is obvious—the leader has no time to select an appropriate tune, but is often, to prevent delay, obliged to sing the first tune he turns to of the same metre—and if not sung well (the congregation not knowing the facts) the blame unjustly is laid upon his shoulders, and he is obliged to bear it. Again, there is scarcely a hymn in our collection, containing two verses, that are and should be sung alike—they require, (to give the desired effect) to be very much varied according to the sentiment to be expressed in song—hence another trying situation—the leader having selected a tune adapted completely to a particular portion of the hymn, explained to the members, the manner in which he wishes them to sing, and the arrangement all complete, and then have his plans completely frustrated by the minister's 'please omit the third and fourth stanzas'—the very ones he has been most particular in selecting the tunes for. Now all these, may be easily avoided, by a little attention on the part of the clergyman, by adopting the following plan—he should be as particular in selecting his hymns, a variety of metres, and adaptation to the subject of his discourse, as he is in selecting his text and studying his sermon, he should do it at home and not in a hurry, and like one I know of, write the numbers of his Hymns on his sermon, just as much as he does the chapter and verse of his text, and thus not be obliged to keep the congregation, waiting for him to select, and as I have before observed, forget the one he sent the leader, and be obliged to select another; he should also mark the verses, he wishes to be omitted; he should have them ready to send to the leader when he enters the Church. By observing the above named suggestions, much time and trouble would be avoided, and the singing generally, much better. These remarks are offered, with the hope, that they will generally meet with attention, from those to whom they are addressed, and thus remedy an evil of long standing, and conduce to the pleasure and convenience of all interested.

NOSNIBOR.

Boston, July 20, 1837.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

WESTERN MISSIONS.

Mr Editor,—Having recently made a tour of the western country, my attention was directed to the condition and prospects of our denomination in those sections which I visited. I am apprehensive that we have not been so well informed upon this subject as we supposed. We have undoubtedly been advised from time to time with such facts and circumstances as appeared to exist, but the transient visits of our clergymen, sent by the A. U. A., have not enabled them, owing to the position which they sustain, to give a faithful representation of facts. In the first place, I do not believe in the utility of sending our settled clergymen on such missions, even if such missions are proved to be expedient at the present time. None should go but those who are candidates, and who will go with a wish to remain where they can be useful. No candidate should put on the armor, unless he is filled with the spirit, the self sacrificing spirit of the apostles, and is willing to undergo what they suffered; for privation and persecution await them, aye, even the more weighty calamities that befel some of the apostles. None, I say, but such, are fit for the mission to the west. With the spirit, they must have the understanding also. Great anxiety has been expressed in regard to the time, fears are entertained by many that we are losing much by delay, that we ought to be sending out hundreds of ministers; that the whole west are opening their arms to receive them, and crying come, come. While I admire the zeal of such, I must confess my fears, that it is zeal without judgment. The fact is, that country is not in want of any more ministers than they now have, neither do I think they will suffer for such want for many years to come; and it is further my opinion, that if we do not send a missionary into that country for 10 years, we shall stand higher as a denomination and be more numerous in 20 years,—provided we use the power we then possess—than we should to inundate the whole country at the present time with them.

There is a general apathy with regard to religion throughout the whole west, from which even St Paul cannot at present arouse them. They have other objects, other purposes at first to subserve; these are paramount to all others, these objects and purposes pervade nearly the whole community. Many say, that they care nothing about the institutions of the west. They have come out to make money, and intend when this is accomplished to return to N. E. again; these, therefore, care nothing and will not trouble themselves about any other concerns. The whole country is in an unsettled, we can hardly say that it is yet in a transition state, for its elements are not yet taking any form, and until this change is fully accomplished, we are throwing away money by endeavoring to force our religious views upon them. The time will come, when the field will be open to us, when the harvest will be ripe; let us be prepared with laborers so that when the proper time comes, we can enter the field, and then we shall be assured an abundant harvest.

Mr Editor, why look abroad upon a doubtful enterprise while we are wanting our forces at home? We are not so strong here as we may and should be, and all the funds of the A. U. A. can be used, and used to great advantage among ourselves—let us use all our funds here at present, and while we are gaining strength at the centre, we shall be ready and able when the condition is prepared, to send out from the living fountain a current that will irrigate and nourish the whole system.

A LAYMAN.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION IN HAVERHILL.

To awaken an interest in the moral and spiritual progress of the rising generation, or to give new impulse to it, if it already exist, we know nothing more conducive, than the Sabbath School celebrations, which are constantly occurring about us, and of which we from time to time have accounts. It was, therefore, with much pleasure, that we witnessed the successful efforts to render the 5th anniversary of the school, connected with the Unitarian Society, in Haverhill, Mass. memorable in the hearts of the youth who compose it. The scholars with their Superintendents, Teachers and Pastor, and many parents and friends, probably two or three hundred in number, assembled on the 24th inst. upon the banks of the 'Great Pond.' The combined beauty of the scene, the placid Lake, with a sail boat here and there upon its bosom, the lofty trees, bending their rich foliage over the waters beneath, which reflected in softened beauty the whole landscape around, with the golden, cloudless sky, above—the gentle slopes, with their carpets of green, relieved by flowers of every hue and form, rendered this a spot peculiarly adapted to such an occasion—irresistibly leading the minds and hearts of those present, from 'Nature, up to Nature's God.' And we doubt if there was one present who could not say within himself 'it is good for us to be here;' and will not turn to it in future days, as a 'green spot on memory's waste.' The exercises commenced with prayer, by Mr Gage, the Pastor. After having 'under open sky adored the God that made both sky, air, earth and Heaven,' excellent and appropriate addresses were made by W. Hewes Esq. the Superintendent, and by G. O. Betton Esq. a Teacher. The Pastor, also, made some remarks. The speakers availed themselves of the position in which they stood, to draw their illustrations and imagery from the great volume before them, that the instructions of the day might be connected in the minds of the hearers, with pleasant and sacred associations. And the radiant faces of the children and youth, upturned to the speakers with a chastened expression of inquiring attention, were fit subject for the artist's pencil, for never could the 'human face divine,' appear in a more interesting light. Music followed the addresses. Two select hymns were sung and one original one, composed by a member of the society. Each class was then conducted by its Teacher, and the whole company followed, to a 'Bower' decorated by female hands, within which was a table, ornamented and supplied by the same provident care. We attribute the good order and harmony that prevailed, both to the efficient management of the Superintendents, and the lively interest manifested, by parents and friends. May God speed them in their mutual efforts, for the elevation of the school, and bless them in 'every good word and work.'

July 29th, 1839. R.

'As the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys.'—'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.' 'There be some sermon hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh.'—*George Herbert.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 10, 1839.

The remarks below, which we have selected from two highly respectable writers, we commend to the attention of our lay readers. It cannot be denied that they relate to a matter of much importance. It involves the problem whether our pulpits shall be filled by enlightened, cultivated, able man, or by a class of preachers, we need not describe. Persons of refined intellect and sensibilities, will not, much longer, voluntarily expose themselves to a series of sordid cares and difficulties, overshadowing the whole of life. It is too much to require, it is unreasonable to expect it. The blood of martyrs is not poured so abundantly into the frail forms of humanity. It would rob the everlasting altars of all their fires to effect it. Pauls would become as plenty as Peters. Its contemplation would cause angels to blush as well as rejoice. It cannot be concealed that a large part of our salaries, are lamentably deficient. They are hardly sufficient to meet the demands of the most rigid economy. And their inadequacy render the prospect of increased expense, sickness and old age dark in the extreme. What is the view that opens upon a young man as he enters the profession? Dependence, pressure, anxiety, perhaps debt, through life, and after death, a wife and orphan children with nothing to support them, but the recollection of his fortitude, to console them but the hope that he has at last found rest from those difficulties, that pursued him so unrelentingly through his pilgrimage on earth.

And then what improvement can he make while the cold hand of poverty is lying heavy on his heart, its shadow over those he most loves. Will not all his powers and affections sink, cool, wither under such influences? Will he not become timid, feeble, desponding, powerless? It is very probable this will be the case. If he be not much more than an ordinary man it certainly will be. His efforts will become of the poorest kind. His intellectual tastes, will gradually leave him. Every faculty will flag and fail. Every high impulse will subside—every lofty aspiration and purpose die out. The spring of true, holy life and power will dry up. He will do little except to struggle against these beggarly elements. A moral dearth will spread over his people and the seats of doubters and scorners will be filled. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. You may then ask us what is to be done. It is an easy answer to say, increase the salaries of your clergymen. But this does not meet the difficulty. We gratefully and respectfully acknowledge that many of you do as much as you well can. The expense falls *heavily* upon some. Our people are so divided, and consequently parishes so numerous, that many of them, in all things, are feeble. Could not a fund be raised, the income from which should be distributed as and where needed? We do not mean it can be done at once, but gradually, through many years, to meet and relieve a state of things, which is fast coming upon us. An individual has left a large fund for the diffusion of knowledge in this city. Are there not those now among us who would gladly leave a portion of their wealth to an institution of this character? An efficient clergy is essential to the preservation of the moral influence and intellectual position and dignity of Massachusetts. This every man, that is capable of serious reflection, will acknowledge.

Is then the hope, that in some way, we may accumulate sufficient means to support decently and comfortably its worthy members, delusive? We think not. The descendants of brave, self sacrificing men will not suffer our sun to decline, our bright, particular star to fall from heaven, from such a cause. There is superfluous wealth enough to do easily all that needs to be done. A large fund has been raised within a few years to promote education. Are not the interests of religion equal to those of intelligence? And is it probable more will be voluntarily raised for the former than the latter? But in most of our country towns, the expense of public worship is greater than that of schools. And yet our ministers are *very* poorly supported. We commend the subject to the consideration of those, who see and feel the difficulty, and are able in some degree, to relieve it.

We have thrown out this suggestion as it was the first that came to our mind. On thorough examination, it may be found beset with difficulties and dangers. Our only desire, is to present the subject to the calm reflection of our best, wisest and most patriotic men.

INADEQUACY OF MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.

'What possible interest can a clergyman, with a competent living, among parishioners whom he has long known, have in removing for the mere sake of change? He alters thereby, neither the nature nor extent of his labors, and encounters the painful work of making new friends and acquaintances, at a time of life, it may be, when most men of reflection find but little inclination materially to enlarge the circle of those with whom they mingle.—New faces and new friendships have not, to men of middle age, the charm they afforded in youth.—The stern realities of life have dissipated its allusions, and melancholy experience has taught the heart to be distrustful of those whom the history of the past has not shown to be tried and true. Under existing circumstances, we shall not hesitate fearlessly to say, that the clergy of our country churches, not only in Maryland, but throughout this land, are, for the most part, not paid as much as they should be. The cruelty of dooming them to a life of penury, in which an honest pride is perpetually struggling with a hopeless poverty, is bad enough; let them in mercy be spared the additional cruelty of undeserved reproach, when, obeying the call of necessity, they seek bread for their families where they can find it. Let the experiment be tried of feeding them, of placing them beyond the reach of want, of relieving them from that struggle, (so galling to a liberal and educated mind) in which is exhibited the distressing effort, on scanty means, to preserve an external decency of appearance, while many a secret privation is endured, nay scrupulously hidden within the household, by a delicacy too proud to complain, and too sensitive to brook exposure. It is high time, on this subject, to let a voice go 'trumpet tongued' throughout the Church. Let those who love Christianity look to it, as they would preserve a succession of well qualified ministers at her altars. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and the day is fast coming, when if a reasonable reward for ministerial toils is not provided, laborers worth having will not present themselves. Ecclesiastical jobbers may indeed be found, who, with the bungling awkwardness of half taught journeymen, will, no doubt, undertake the cure of souls: But enlightened clergymen will be wanting.'

'How the neglect to provide for the comfort of the clergy, which prevails so much throughout the land, can be reconciled even with the outward profession of Christianity, I cannot understand. A religion not from God could never be sustained through one generation by such indifference.—Indeed the priests of no idol-system that I have ever heard of, have had experience of such parsimony, as they who minister at his altars, whose we all are, and to whom the silver and the gold belong. God forbid that there should ever be among us the temptation, much more, the disposition, to 'feed the flock of God' 'for filthy lucre.' But let piety, let charity, let common decency forbid, that the shepherd be compelled to starve, while the flock 'fare sumptuously every day.' There are faithful ministers of Jesus Christ among us, who give their time and strength, their 'soul and body, with all their powers and faculties,' having first qualified themselves for the work of the ministry by an expensive education, for a less compensation than the laborer in the field receives—who, when their strength shall be worn out with toil, anxiety, and sorrow, must leave their children to inherit the poverty which they could but share with them in life. I do not mean to say that the lot of the clergy in this region is harder than the common fortune of their order. But I do mean to say, that it is every where a beggarly inheritance; cruel to them as it is dishonorable to Him who sends them. I do mean to say, that common justice would require, this day, that the compensation of every parish minister in our whole Church should be doubled, at the least. And until some better provision shall be made for those who spend and are spent in the care of souls, I will not cease, while I remain in this tabernacle, to raise my earnest and indignant protestation. I take this occasion to say publicly, what I have always held in conversations with my respected brethren of the laity, that wherever it is possible—and to a strong will there are few things that are impossible—it is on every account better that the salary of the clergy should be raised by rents assessed upon the pews, than by annual subscriptions. The money is procured more easily. The amount can be better ascertained beforehand. It has less the aspect of a personal favor. The system of subscriptions is most effectual in harassing the clergy with uncertainty, and in subjecting them to an undue dependence. Put the case to yourselves, my beloved brethren of the laity, that your recompense as physicians, or as lawyers, or as merchants or as farmers, or as mechanics, were so paid; and think how you would bear it. Make your minister comfortable. Make him feel that he is independent. Never tempt him to withhold the truth, lest his children starve by it. Never tempt him to discourage among you every application for that charity which is 'twice blessed,' lest his own living be so much diminished. Love him as a brother or a father; and so minister to his necessities and them that are with him. Honor him as the messenger of God; and so dignify yourselves, and glorify our common Lord.'

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR JULY.

Article 1st. The power of Christ's moral character.

The church, almost from its commencement, has been divided and distracted by controversies in regard to the metaphysical conception of Christ's nature. Why the point should ever have been deemed so important, it is difficult even to imagine. Jesus came to redeem man from sin, from selfishness, sensuality, appetite, and unholy passions, to purify, enlighten, strengthen the soul, to fill it with love, joy and peace. His power is wholly moral—the power of example, teaching, promise, character. He mingles his influence with all there is good, beneficent, elevated in our nature, in life, providence, the universe. Our own energies and efforts, parents, teachers, friends, prophets, Apostles and patriots, the ministrations of this beautiful world, can do much to save us. But Jesus can do more than all. He is the deepest and

sublimest fountain of spiritual power, ever opened on earth. From him, his deeds, words, tears, prayers, agonies, triumphs, cross, streams the mightiest tide of moral energy, to cleanse us from the stains of sin, to quicken all there is good within us, to subdue our passions, to ennoble our desires and affections, to arm us with fortitude and courage, to clothe us with spiritual truth, beauty and greatness. But what moral force is there in any particular view of his metaphysical relations? Can it touch a man's heart, conscience or will? Can it arouse him from his spiritual deadness, cast evil demons from his bosom, strengthen him in temptation, heal his wounds, enrobe him for heaven? Can it make him better in any of life's relations, as a son, parent, husband, neighbor, citizen? Can it make him more tender, honest, just, merciful, benevolent? Can it impart to him a single atom of energy or grace, excellence or blessedness? It can effect nothing. It is utterly powerless. It has no more spiritual force than the satellites of Jupiter, or a problem in mathematics. Would the trinitarian, when he wished to excite the emotions of repentance in the mind of his friend, talk to him about the trinity? No. He would as soon discourse to him about an iceberg. He would tell him Jesus died in agony to save him, that God loves him and will meet him while yet a great way off. Would he talk to the afflicted about three persons in the godhead? No. He would as soon describe the cold beauty of the north star. He would tell them of that providence which overrules all events, of that goodness which makes all the means and instruments of enduring peace and glory. Would he tell the mother, whose tears were pouring on the brows of her dead child, that Jesus was equal with the Father? No. He would say to her the Savior took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said of such is the kingdom of heaven. Would he speak to a dying man about the mystery of the incarnation? No. He would direct his attention to him who is the Resurrection and the life, and to the words 'he that believeth in me shall never die.' Thus it appears that this doctrine, which has strewed the earth with the bones of martyrs, so far as we can see, is of no worth. It can do nothing to help, benefit, comfort, support or sanctify us. It is utterly and absolutely valueless. Its *holy* fruits are no where to be found. Not the least amount, of the good in the world can be traced to it. Not a particle of spiritual energy, beauty, felicity, glory on earth or in heaven, do we believe, can justly be ascribed to its influence. The great question, *the all important one is*, did Christ come from God? Did he teach with authority from God? Are his works the agency of God? Are his words the truth of God? Are his promises the revelation of God's purposes towards us? Can we implicitly trust him? Can we confide in him as in eternal love and goodness? If so, it is all we want, need, and desire. The mind is satisfied. The heart is filled with peace. A blessed, unfaltering assurance takes possession of the whole soul. Nothing more can be done for us. Every other question is of trifling importance. Whether Christ was God or equal with God or superangelic, is an inquiry that has little interest for us. Was he and his religion direct from the source of truth and goodness? This is the great fact around which Christians must rally. It is the only essential article of faith. On its settlement depends all that is really valuable in life, fearful in death, hopeful in destiny. Every part of Christianity is of worth. But the chief element of its power is the character of Christ. It is, the sublimest, richest truth ever presented to the contemplation of man. It is an ocean of spiritual power. A river of holy energy is ever issuing from it. It has done most to free, regenerate and bless the world. It is its life and light. It is the wisdom and power of God unto salvation. To honor, love, and reverence it is the only thing needful. It is the way to true good, to heaven, to God. This view is stated and enforced in the article we have mentioned. It is the same taken by Tholuck whose remarks we shall give at another time. Professors Edwards and Park, we conclude, have little if any thing to object. We proceed to make some extracts from the Examiner.

The views of every body of Christians are very much determined by some prominent view which it takes of the Savior. For Christ, unlike the philosophers, did not merely teach, but lived out what he taught. Christianity was embodied in his life. He is the sun at the centre, around which all Christian truth revolves. The prominent ideas that we have of him must, more or less, modify all our notions of his religion. Therefore, in all ages of the church, the views entertained of Christ have been deemed, and justly, of the very highest importance.

But at the outset, we are struck with the fact, that on this subject, men have been divided into two distinct classes?—one class deeming the metaphysical view of Christ the most essential, the other, the moral view. That is, one has deemed it of primary importance that men should have just notions of the *nature* of Christ; the other, that men should have just conceptions of his *character*. These different views do not exclude each other, and so of course have been more or less blended together. But still with each side, one view has been predominant, and the other subordinate. Whatever other differences relative to Christ may have existed on the surface, this has been the one at the foundation; and as men have embraced one side or the other, a different direction or different color has been given to all their other views of Christianity. Therefore, and justly, we repeat, at all times, Christians have held correct views of Christ to be of primary importance.

Ever since the Apostolic days, the tendency has been to make the metaphysical view of Christ the essential and only important one. However a few may have felt, the mass of Christians have held the moral view of Christ wholly subordinate. Men have never been martyred, because they held too low notions of the Savior's character. His character has formed no subject for creeds. But creeds have almost always been filled with speculations as to his nature. To sustain particular views on this point, no efforts, no penalties have been thought too great. For this churches have hurled denunciation against heretics; for this the Inquisition has dug dungeons; and armies have been arrayed with hostile banners; and the sky of Christendom been made red with the flames of martyrdom. Christians often have not merely ceased to imitate, but have ceased to think of, the character of Christ, in contentions about his nature.

Now we do not doubt, we believe, that errors may arise as to Christ's nature, fruitful in evil results. But still we hold all speculations and all beliefs as to his nature to be of very small consequence, in comparison with just conceptions of his character. Many reasons might be given for this; but it will be sufficient for our present purpose to refer to two or three of them.

Had a definite and accurate faith in Christ's nature been necessary, we cannot doubt that it would have been revealed distinctly, as the doctrine of a Future Life is revealed. That it has not been so revealed is evident from the fact, that, for nearly seventeen hundred years, the question, as to what his nature is, has been agitated, and as yet does not approach to a settlement. And the fact that it is not referred to in the New Testament except incidentally, if at all, shows that neither our Savior, nor his Apostles, regarded it an important subject for us to dwell upon.

Again, speculations as to Christ's nature must be of subordinate interest, because it is one of those cases in which, (though positive errors on the subject when made prominent as articles of faith and incorporated with creeds, might lead to much evil,) a knowledge of the truth could do little good. What has a belief in Christ's nature, whether it be understood to be divine, or super-angelical, or angelical, or human, to do with a virtuous and holy life? He, who believes that Christ was subordinate to the Father, believes that the Father spake through him, and therefore that the commands of Christ are divine, and that all the truths and laws and motives he has given are divine,—resting on a divine authority. To the Trinitarian and to the Unitarian the Bible is the same and its authority the same. Though the Unitarian believe that the truths of the Gospel came through an appointed Mediator, he believes *no less* than that they came from God as their source; and the Trinitarian can believe *no more*.—Whichever way one believe, every law of God for the the moral and religious life on earth, and every hope of heaven are left untouched.

There is a still more important consideration. The making of a correct faith in Christ's nature the prominent thing, disconnects our faith in him from the heart and conscience and life, and makes it a mere matter for the intellect. If we look at Christ's nature alone, we have in him neither standard of duty, nor object of imitation. The view is purely *intellectual*. Hence, as the intellect has to do with opinions alone, a correct *belief* came to be considered the all-important thing. And this mode of viewing Christ has fostered that monstrous error which has thrown a baneful shade over Christendom; namely, that intellectual opinions, of and for themselves, are of primary importance in religion. Hence creeds have been filled with nice distinctions as to Christ's nature, and assent to them made a test of fitness for salvation. Religion has sometimes been made a matter for the intellect so far, that while an Alexander VI. might be at the head of the Romish Church, and a Henry VIII. at the head of the English, he, whose insellectual opinions varied from theirs, though endowed with all the virtues, might be deemed, by the general sentiment of the age, worthy of martyrdom. This making of the metaphysical view of Christ the important one has done more, than any other single thing, to confirm that enormous evil of making opinion the standard of Christian attainment,—an evil which, like the folds of the serpent, envelops our religion and presses out its life.

But, instead of dwelling on the reasons that cause us to dissent from those who make the nature of Christ the important thing in a faith in him, we prefer to consider the power of his moral character, as a means of salvation.

Where has the power of his character been seen? We answer, it has been seen from the beginning. It was in that glance which sent Peter forth to weep bitterly. It awoke that remorse in the heart of the betrayer, which made him fly to self-destruction as a refuge from self-reproach. The centurion bore witness to it, when he saw in him, who was dying on the cross, a Son of God. It took its ignominy from the most degrading mode of punishment. It transfigured the very cross itself, till what was associated with the lowest infamy, has become the emblem of highest hope. It is because of that character still shining from it, that the cross is sacred to all time,—that it towers over churches, and is reared above altars,—that living men kneel before it and dying men clasp it to their bosoms. It is not his words, merely, but his living example, that has raised up thousands of martyrs to human good, and has caused thousands with words of forgiveness on their lips, to die calmly at the stake, not for fame, not for their country, not for their friends, but for the good of their foes. The world's great spiritual benefactors, when the scorn and persecution of men lay heavy on them, have repeated his words, Thy will be done; and, as if an angel had been present to strengthen them, have felt new fortitude. And when persecution has ended in death, from the midst of the furious crowd they have looked up to the calm and open heavens and said, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' In all times, they, who have gone to the heathen with the gospel in their hands, have carried the image of Christ in their hearts. Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which those, who have been most earnest and hearty in the highest Christian enterprises, have connected their labors and hopes with Christ himself. They have been not merely students of his *words*, but followers of *him*. They have labored for *him*, they have been cheered by the promise that he would be with them,—they have loved him, died for him, and hoped to meet him in heaven. Had the gospel only been written, it would have addressed the intellect and been mainly a matter for intellectual speculation. By living out the gospel under the greatest trials, Christ has met one of the great wants of human nature. He has connected inseparably the truths of the gospel with the emotions and affections of men. Had the gospel been only taught as philosophy, it might still have been so taught. But there would have been no missionary, and no martyr to human welfare, unless Christ himself had first been a missionary and a martyr.

All the labors for human improvement, that now cover Christendom with its true glory, are but streams flowing out more or less directly from the fountain of Christ's example. His life and his death gave the first impulse to this laboring for human good. His words indeed, but his example still more, taught the essential equality of all men,—that under purple robes and under beggar's weeds is the same human soul, having the same essential rights and destiny. He first of all trampled down the dividing lines of caste and nation, and proclaimed the great idea of modern civilization, that all men are children of one God, and made to be brethren.

In acting out these great principles, the influence of Christ is seen producing the grandest and most striking results; but we may see it with equal distinctness in particular cases and in humbler things. How much has the estimation, in which men hold the duty of benevolence, been elevated by seeing Christ die to accomplish a work of unmixed beneficence. How many words of forgiveness have been prompted by the dying words of Christ. The mother that mourns the loss of her child, looks to him in her time of desolation; she remembers how he blessed children on earth, and in the midst of her tears, how is her heart soothed as with the eye of faith she sees her dear one still blessed by him in heaven. The dying man, as the shadows lengthen and all earthly lights grow dim, does not speculate on immortality; but to soothe his fears, he looks to him who died and was laid in the grave, yet now lives, the first fruits of them who slept.

But we need not go to such extreme cases to see the influence of Christ. His example, whose presence brought a holier light to the marriage of Cana, and consolation to the mourning sisters of Lazarus, who taught, by his example, the powerful, that their highest office was to become the benefactors of the humble, who taught the rich for his sake to give to the poor, and went a self-invited, but blessed guest, to the tables of penury; his example has modified all the relations of society. It has brought high and low together, and united them in the bonds of a living sympathy. In heathen lands, before Christ's time, there were rich and poor, high and low, but they were separated by almost impassable barriers. Scenes of mutual sympathy, of kindness and thoughtfulness and self forgetfulness and trust in trial, that now every day are enacted in every street, bringing the extremes of society together in holiest bonds, were then all but unknown. Such scenes are too rare among us, but still they exist, and in them we see the following out of the example of Christ.

FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association will meet at the house of Dr. Willard in Deerfield on the second Monday in August.

REV. WILLIAM V. THACHER.

Died, July 16th, on his passage from Savannah to New York, Rev. WILLIAM VINCENT THACHER, aged 24.

The name of THACHER is one of the most frequent occurrence in the ecclesiastical annals of New England, and is inseparably connected with the church history of Boston. For eight successive generations this family has sent able and devoted laborers into the gospel vineyard, and four of them have been pastors of churches in this city, namely at the Old South, at the New North, at Brattle Street, and at Church Green. Their last ancestor in England was a minister at Salisbury; and the first that came over to this country, in 1633, was the founder of an uninterrupted succession of clergymen which has reached even to our own times, and has just suddenly terminated with the lamentable death of the youthful pastor of the church of Savannah.

William Vincent Thacher was born in Boston in 1815, and graduated at Harvard University in 1834. He then entered the Theological School at Cambridge, and devoted himself for three years to a preparation for the holy work which his pious ancestors for more than two hundred years had prosecuted, and to which he felt himself consecrated. By temperament and character he was peculiarly suited for the ministry, and he entered it from a deep sense of duty, and a sincere and ardent love of the profession. After preaching for a year in various places, he was ordained in this city, as an Evangelist, on the 14th of October last, and immediately proceeded to Savannah in Georgia to preach to the vacant Unitarian church in that place.

Here he won all hearts by his amiable disposition and truly Christian spirit—by the gentleness of his manners, the suavity of his temper, and the urbanity of his address. And he not only gained the general esteem and love of that community, but commanded the respect and confidence of a highly intelligent and refined congregation. Under his ministrations the church grew and flourished as it never had done before. Persons of all denominations flocked to hear the young Evangelist, and several of the most respectable families of the place were led to unite themselves with the Society. The arduous and untried situation in which he was placed, was suited to excite his mind and task his powers to the uttermost; and it brought forth latent energies which even those who knew him best, and prized him most highly, hardly suspected were slumbering in his bosom. He was thrown entirely upon his own resources, and they proved adequate to every occasion and emergency. He became a powerful and popular preacher of the word. His Sunday evening lectures, in which he explained and defended the doctrines of Christianity as held by Unitarians, were so crowded that sometimes hundreds were obliged to go away, unable to gain admission. His preaching, so earnest and yet so gentle, produced a strong impression in favor of the views which he inculcated. There are many now in this city who heard him during the past winter, and who bear testimony to the deep interest which he awakened, as well as to the warm attachment with which he was regarded.

He entered upon this work of an Evangelist with his whole heart and soul, and devoted himself to it with an unremitting zeal. He went to Savannah prepared to labor, to spend and be spent in his Master's service. In one of the first letters written after his arrival he says, 'I am truly happy that I have been moved to come hither, and sincerely trust, and shall labor, that I may not have come in vain. I shall not scruple, in season and out of season, to do all, in whatever company I am, to communicate our blessed faith—which I value all the more from the fact that so many about me do not know its worth.' In another letter he says, 'I am in perfect health. Though I have worked harder than I have ever done before, yet in view of the wants of my people and my duties to them, I feel myself yet idle. I must work harder still.' Again he writes, 'My labors this winter have been quite hard—but I never was as well as I now am. My mission to this place has been in every respect of great service to me. Be confident, my dear sir, in my determination to be true to the cause whose propagation has been intrusted to me. We shall be sure to reap if we faint not. One thing I am determined upon, never to leave the pulpit unsupplied, whilst I have strength left me to preach in it.' In one of his last letters, dated the 24th of June, he says, 'The unremitted labor which has been required of me makes it necessary for me to seek some relaxation, particularly during the debilitating months of a southern summer. Much more has been accomplished here than I had any reason to hope. Three Sundays more remain for me—and after them you may think soon of seeing me face to face. If Providence permit, I shall be in Boston about the 25th of July.'

Alas! The 25th of July has come and gone, and we have not seen him. He stayed too long and labored too hard. In consequence of exhaustion and exposure, he was taken ill on the 5th of July. With the disease still upon him, he sailed on the 12th for home; and as we were anxiously awaiting his arrival, hoping soon to grasp again that friendly hand, and to be once more cheered by the sweet tones of that gentle voice, the melancholy tidings reached us that on the 16th he died on the ocean. Peace to his pious and gentle spirit!

I have said that Mr Thacher was peculiarly suited for the sacred office. He was so by his talents and acquirements; and still more so by his sweet and heavenly spirit—his singular mildness and benignity of disposition—his winning and almost feminine gentleness of demeanor—in these respects, as well as in his personal appearance, bearing a striking resemblance to his lamented uncle, late pastor of the church in Church Green. He followed the apostolic injunction, to be courteous and gentle unto all men. Yet, at the same time, he was possessed of a sound, discriminating intellect, and was firm and resolute in maintaining the opinions which he had deliberately formed. He had a calm, judicious, sober mind, which kept him from falling in with the mystical vagaries by which the minds of some of our young men have become bewildered. His good sense as well as his Christian principle led him to devote himself to substantial realities—to the actual duties of private and professional life—to the absorbing and constantly recurring labors of the ministry. He was actuated by a sincere and earnest desire to be practically useful to the full extent of his abilities. To this end he labored in Savannah with an untiring diligence; and the flourishing church which he left there is a monument to his ministerial fidelity. This pleasant field of his labors, where he had experienced so much kindness, and met with such unexpected success, and which was also endeared to his heart as being the last resting-place of his venerated grandfather, he was unwilling to leave till the last moment—till disease had seized upon his frame, and marked him as its victim. He died upon his post, a martyr to duty, bequeathing to his desolate congregation and mourning relatives, a character which they will always contemplate with affection and delight. Their grief at his early departure will be mitigated by the assurance which they feel that he had finished the work which had been given him to do. 'He being made perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time.'

'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.'

A. Y.

BOOKS FOR DOMESTICS.

We invite the attention of our readers to the communication on this subject. It is from one who watches and labors for the improvement and happiness of his kind, in whatever circumstances—whether in kitchens or saloons, in hovels or palaces, in chains or purple. There has been much complaint, during some years past, of the impertinent pretentions and claims of domestics. House-keepers have displayed much rhetoric and eloquence on this subject. We are not disposed to deny that there may, in many cases, be ample and reasonable cause for complaint. Domestics have not been taught, as they should be, the duties and proprieties of their situation. They are sometimes faithless, frequently faulty, and preposterous in their demands. Still it is probable the blame and the wrong are not all on one side. They are not always treated with the kindness and consideration they deserve. The position assumed towards them, is irritating and offensive. Their feelings and rights, are not justly estimated. They have imbibed so much of the spirit of our institutions and principles that they are conscious they have rights, though perhaps they have gained but a feeble perception of their nature. They are conscious too, of a certain worth and dignity, as human beings, which, they demand, shall be respected. The sentiment of equality also is felt by them. It is not a mere wish, dream, imagination. It is a reality, an active element of their being. They claim its recognition. In fine, republicanism is sending its influence into our domestic arrangements. The force of the revolution has at last reached the kitchen. And we must adjust ourselves, our feelings and conduct to this state of things. The principle of equality must be practically recognised in all relations. We must honor all men. We must respect the rights and dignity of humanity in all conditions. We must make all about us feel, our servants as well as others, that we cherish the sentiment of universal brotherhood. Till this, in all sincerity is done, a civil war is raging in the bosom of the community. We are fighting against the moral forces that prevail about us. We oppose ourselves to those mighty influences that are baptizing all sorts and conditions of people. There must be diversity in the circumstances and pursuits of individuals. God makes us to differ. He imparts a variety of gifts. Society needs all kinds of services. There must be teachers and taught, masters and servants, capitalists and laborers. We cannot all associate on familiar terms. Many considerations absolutely forbid this promiscuous mingling. It is not for the interest or happiness of any portion of society to have it so. But we can act on the principles we possess. We can be honest. We can so conduct ourselves towards all men, that they shall be convinced we regard them as brethren. And then suspicion, jealousy and evil thinking will be done away. Then that charity, which believeth, hopeth, beareth all things will abound. Peace and joy will reign in every bosom. That gloom and darkness that clothe so many countenances, will depart. The gentle streams of confidence and good will, will flow unobstructed through all ranks of society. And last, though not least, our ladies will meet with fewer difficulties in their household affairs. Fewer outbreaks will occur in their culinary departments. Their domestics will be more respectful, more faithful, more valuable in every way. Let them show a true interest in the improvement and welfare of those who serve them and they will find themselves richly repaid. While they do justice to others they will benefit themselves. Instead of complaining of impertinence and faithlessness, they will have cause to wonder at the depth and constancy of human gratitude. It is no more than just they should feel and show this interest. Every relation implies mutual obligations and duties. While their domestics serve them with their strength and skill, they should do something, to promote their virtue and welfare. How ladies, that call themselves christians, can utterly neglect the moral interests of their servants, it is difficult to understand—suffer their humble sisters, for whom Christ died, in their own homes, to grow in vice and sink into infamy. How will they meet them, miserable and degraded, at the judgment seat of Christ, where we shall all shortly appear? Will he not say, inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these, ye have not done it unto me. The subject is not unworthy the attention of the most refined and elevated.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Tornado at New Haven.—The New Haven Register gives a more particular description than that which we have heretofore published, of the remarkable storm at New Haven on Wednesday last. The tornado began at half-past 11 o'clock, A. M. and was proceeded by heavy rain, with constant thunder and lightning. Its course was from south-west to north-east, extending over a width of from twenty to thirty rods. Its first ravages were observed in the western part of the town on the Derby Turnpike, and in its progress it unroofed two or three dwelling houses, destroyed several barns and out buildings, twisted up by the roots several large elms, and destroyed gardens, fruit trees, &c. Thence its progress is thus described by the Register.—*Dai Adv.*

The next object of its wrath was the African church (a new wooden building) which it knocked into a thousand fragments, many of which were carried high in the air on the top of the tempest. Several small houses, standing at intervals in this part of the town, were blown to pieces as they were severally reached by the tornado, leaving in almost every instance nothing but the foundations. In one of these houses, occupied by a Mr. Warnes, his wife, the only person in the house, was washing, when the storm burst upon her, and the next instant found herself in the cellar, with her kettle of boiling clothes upset beside her, and uninjured, out no part of the house to be seen! G. F. H. Read, Esq. who had taken shelter in one of these buildings, is said to have had an arm broken, or badly bruised; and a woman residing in an other, had her leg shattered by the falling of the house. A new house, in the course of finishing, owned by Dr. Munson was blown down, and the house of a Mr. Way, scattered to the whirlwind. The air was now filled with rafters, boards, shingles, parts of fences, &c., gathered in the space of about two miles, and the tornado proceeded in the direction Capt. Gregory's beautiful seat—which seems to have encountered the very brunt of its fury. Surrounded by fine trees and shrubbery, which checked somewhat the force of the missiles, the house itself was not as much injured as it otherwise would have been—still many of his fruit and large trees bowed before the blast, were torn up by the roots, and hurled against the fences. The roof of his house was carried to the ground—a huge chimney tumbling through the floor into the very room where his family were sitting: yet they all miraculously escaped injury! his barn and out-houses were nearly demolished, and the whole appearance of his splendid grounds was as if a battery of chain shots had been poured among them. His loss must be severe. To the left of his premises, the barn of Mr. Jas. Munson, was levelled with the ground, and several large trees immediately in front of his house, were dragged up by the roots, and thrown across the street. The house was not injured.

The house of his neighbor, Mr. Miles Sperry, who supports his family by raising vegetable, was cut off from the first story upwards, and blown in every direction—while the family were all at home No one injured. Its violence was so great at this point, as to completely strip a flock of fowls of their feathers, which were afterwards found dead. On the right of Capt. Gregory, the house of professor Chas. U. Shepard, on the 'Plains road,' were slightly damaged, and several trees were blown down; the roof of his large barn was taken off, and carried more than a mile by the force of the blast! It had now reached the woods which extend several miles in the north part of the town, through which it passed in the rear of 'Sachem's Wood,' the residence of James A. Hillhouse, Esq. doing but little damage except to the fences; occasionally tearing up a huge oak, or wrenching off the tops of the forest trees. Here it crossed the Hartford turnpike, throwing down a dozen or two of the old poplars, which line the road, and just grazing the out buildings, and passing to the north-east of 'High Belmont,' (the new and splendid residence of Henry Whitney, Esq.) tearing up by the roots a great many trees, and throwing down the fences.

Approaching the front of the highest bluff of East Rock, the tornado diverged slightly to the north, taking up the bridge at its base, and flinging its fragments over the surrounding meadow, it passed through the gap of the mountain, about half a mile north of the 'Hermit's Cave,' and came out on the North Haven road, near the farm of Mr. Jabez Potter. The roof of his house was taken off, his barn and cow house blown down—and a boy who was in the loft of the barn at the time, was hurled several rods across the street, into the Yankee's native element, a *pumpkin patch*. The unceremonious manner of his exit from the barn somewhat *surprised* him, but he was not injured in the least. The roof of the brick house of Horace Potter, Esq. was taken off—the barn and wagon house of Mr. Lyman Potter, were demolished—the roof of Mr. Chester Potter's house was lifted off, and his fine orchard completely destroyed. It then crossed the Rail Road, and swept over the meadow to the east of it, pitching the innumerable hay stacks into the air, and playing the same pranks with the fences.

We have not heard of any further damage, but fear that the people of Northford have had a visit from it. It is almost miraculous, that no lives were lost in the midst of so great a carnage. Many poor people have lost their all, and are turned out of house and home. We went over the whole breadth and length of the course we have described, the next morning, and such a scene of devastation and misery we do not often see. We hope measures will be immediately taken for the relief of those who have been made pennyless by this dire calamity. It is a remarkable fact, that those trees which were blown near houses, fell, in every instance, *from* the house, although towards different points.

Slaves in the West.—We are glad to see that there is no disposition to cripple and paralyze the energies of the West, by efforts to introduce slavery into the new Territories. The first session of the Supreme Court of the Iowa Territory, was held at Burlington, the first week of July—and the Court decided that slavery was contrary to the laws of the Territory, and that a slave taken there to work in the mines, and permitted to hire his own time, gained thereby a right to his freedom.

Proposed Re-Invasion of Texas by Mexico.—On the 8th June, the Minister of War, Gen. Tornel, transmitted to the Mexican chamber of Deputies, through their Secretaries, a communication, of which the following is a translated copy:

A Presentation, (iniciativa.)

Most Excellent Sir:—

It is three months since his Excellency, the President ad interim, took the reins of Government with a firm and energetic hand, and the result of his measures, vigilance and toils, have been, by the favor of Providence, the exterior and interior peace of the Republic; and his Excellency, who thinks he has done but little for his country while any thing remains yet to be done has therefore fixed his views to the 'department of Texas,' and in consideration of which, he cannot lose the opportunity to cause it to enter again into the bosom of the great Mexican family. For this object, conforming to the wish of the nation, which is likewise most fervently his own, he is resolved to prepare another expedition, which shall offer to the Texans peace or war, indulgence or punishment.

The nation knows how many toils and sufferings his Excellency, the President ad interim, has undergone, when he led the arms of his country to the confines of Texas, though fortune afterwards capriciously denied him her favors. It is not to avenge the chains and contempt which he suffered, nor to silence the calumny which dared to tarnish his name, nor private interest, nor mean resentments that animate; his incitements are more noble—a desire to comply with his arduous duty, and to contribute to cause Mexico to be respected for her interior order, and even more so for the energy with which she sustains her rights, when foreign enemies attempt to impair them.

In consequence of which, and in accordance with the council, his Excellency commands me to direct to your Excellencies the following presentation, (Iniciativa.)

That the Executive be impowered to incur the necessary expenses, until the pacification of the 'Department of Texas,' is fully accomplished, and to *dictate all measures* which may be considered necessary for the attainment of this end!!

I have the honor to make it known to your Excellencies, that you may communicate the same to the august Chambers. JOSE MARIA TORNEL.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

☞ It is in contemplation to publish, at the office of the Boston Mercantile Journal, a weekly paper with the above title, to be devoted to the interests of TEMPERANCE, MORALITY and LAW, and to serve as a vehicle for the diffusion of intelligence and remarks having a bearing on the LICENSE LAW. Provided sufficient encouragement is given, the first number will be issued on a small sheet, on SATURDAY, the 17th of August, and continued for 12 successive weeks.

The price of subscription for the whole term will be TWENTY-FIVE CENTS *payable in advance*; and no package will be made up and sent from the office containing less than four copies. Subscribers for a less number than four copies can obtain them at the office of publication.

Our friends in the city and in the country, who are inclined to assist in the undertaking, can procure subscription papers at the counting-room of the Mercantile Journal, in Wilson's Lane.

Boston, July 27, 1839. is3t a 3

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Josiah W. Smith to Miss Susan R. Chase, formerly of Portland, Me; Mr Henry Curtis to Miss Ellen Kennedy.

In Brighton, Aug. 1, by Rev A. D. Jones, Rev Abner Jones of Upton to Mrs Nancy Clark of Boston, late of Nantucket. An unusual circumstance attending this wedding, was that the officiating clergyman was the son of the bridegroom.

In Portsmouth, N.H., Professor Charles Brooks to Mrs Charlotte A. Lord, daughter of the late Dr Haven.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 31, Gedney King, Esq. 6'.

In this city, Thomas Thompson, Esq. 73; Jeremiah Peabody, Esq. 63.

In this city, Mis Hannah, relict of the late Mr Andrew Bradshaw, 48.

In Brighton, on Sunday, Miss Grace Thwing, daughter of the late Deacon Amos Thwing, 31.

At the McLean Asylum, Charlestown, Mrs Hannah T. Washburn, of Taunton, daughter of the late Thomas Bayfies of that place, 26.

At his residence at Lynn, Mineral Spring, suddenly, of lockjaw, Mr Ebenezer Bailey, 44.

In Charlestown, Aug. 4th, Mr Caleb Harrington, 60.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS — for sale low, by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
Edinburg Encyclopedia, by David Brewster, 36 pts 4to
Edinburg Review, 68 vols, Edinburg ed. half Russia
Lowth's Commentary, 4 vols folio
Clerici Commentarius, 3 vols folio
Encyclopedia Americana, 13 vols cloth
The Works of Edward Reynolds, folio
Clarke on the Evangelists, 2 vols 8vo
Blackwalls Sacred Classics, 8vo
Curiosities of Literature, 2 vols 8vo
Gordon's American War, 4 vols 8vo
Guthrie's Cicero, 3 vols 8vo
Campbell on Revelation, 2 vols 8vo
Watson's Tracts on Theology, 6 vols 8vo
Blair's Lectures, 3 vols 8vo
Tucker's Light of Nature, 8vo calf
Horsley on the Psalms, 2 vols 8vo
Lowth on Isaiah, 2 vols 8vo
Cogan on the Passions, 4 vols 8vo
Paley's works, 4 vols 8vo
Lardner's works, 9 vols 8vo
Holy Bible, folio London large type
Lardner's works, 5 vols 4to
Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, 5 vols 4to
Doddridge's Sermons, 4 vols 8vo
Modern Sculpture, folio
Christian Examiner, complete, 25 vols
Robert Hall's works, 6 vols 8vo
Belsham's Translation of the Epistles
Patrick's Paraphrase, 3 vols 8vo
Jortin's Tracts, 2 vols 8vo
Boston Bookstore, 134 Washington street.
aug 10

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS. No. 5 for July.
Contents.
Liberty of Conscience; Extracts from the Letters of a deceased Lady; Slight Reminiscences of Mr Buckminster; Selection; Attainment of Religious Truth; Hymn; Moral Influences of a Busy Life; Religious Disputes, &c. &c.
Notices of Books.
Dr Palfrey's Dudleian Lecture; The Western Messenger for July; Sabbath Recreations; Sunday School Teacher; &c. &c.
Intelligence.
Installation at Syracuse; The Howitt's; Theological School in Cambridge; American Unitarian Association; Unitarianism in Birmingham, England; Oxford Theology and the Episcopal Church; Church of England; &c. &c. Published monthly by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
august 10 118 Washington st.

BROUGHAM'S STATESMEN of the Times of George III. 1st series—for sale at TICKNOR'S.
Aug. 10.

BOZ'S SKETCHES, complete—Sketches by Boz, complete in 10 Numbers. Just received at TICKNOR'S. Aug. 10.

SACRED HISTORY—Selected from the Scriptures, with annotations and reflections, particularly calculated to facilitate the study of the holy scriptures in Schools and families—8th edition—in 5 vols: by Mrs. Trimmer—London edition. For sale at TICKNOR'S. Aug. 10.

NEW BOOK BY ROGET.—Outlines of Physiology: with an appendix on Phrenology. By P. M. Roget, M. D—first American edition, revised, with numerous Notes. Just received at TICKNOR'S. Aug. 10.

A WORK FOR FAMILY AND SABBATH SCHOOL LIBARIES.—Stewart's Residence at the Sandwich Islands enlarged including an introduction and notes, by the Rev. Wm. Ellis.—'It is not with the ordinary business like feeling of our profession that we announce the appearance of the present handsome volume.—Our Country contains few discriptive writers who excell Mr. Stewart. His landscapes are sketched with all the freshness and beauty of nature, and spread before the mind of the reader with the effect of painting. Equally felicitous, also, are his delineations of men and manners, of which he is a close observer. Writing, moreover, with the heart of a Christian missionary, his works have been extensively popular.—*N. Y. Commercial.*
Published by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
Aug. 10.

THE BOSTON SPEAKER.—Being a collection of pieces for Declamation. In prose, poetry and dialogue. Designed for the younger classes in Academies and Common Schools. Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court st. epis12w august 10

PULPIT BIBLES.—Just received, Elegant folio Pulpit Bibles. Also Family and Pocket Bibles. BEN'J H. GREEN 124 Washington, corner of Water streets. august 10

NEW BOOKS FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.—Joseph Dowe, 22 Court Street. Has received a good variety of Juvenile Books, designed for Sabbath Schools. epis4w august 10

PRIESTLEY ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.—A History of the Corruptions of Christianity, by Joseph Priestley, L. L. D., in some parts abridged, with appendices.
'Didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it tares?'
This valuable work, which Dr Priestley himself considered among the most useful of his writings, has been recently republished in this country by the Messrs. Prentiss of Keene, in a neat 12mo at a very reasonable price. For sale at the office of the Christian Register. august 10

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.
Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.
The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.
The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.
Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, { Winter or Spring, 50 } in
{ Summer or Fall, 45 } advnce.
Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.
Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.
Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.
Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.
Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.
Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.
The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.
Miss Young, teacher of Music, and two assistant teachers, reside in the family of the Principal.
A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.
A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.
D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Aug. 10th, 1838. n 24

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.
HENRY N. HOOPER & CO.
21 Commercial St., Boston.
jy 20 isTaw6mo

REMOVAL.
E. F. NEWHALL has removed to the spacious rooms No. 141 Washington street, nearly opposite the Old South Church, and has just added to to his stock a large and splendid assortment of new *SHAWLS*, plain and figured Silks, rich Challies, Mouseline de Laines, Lace Veils, and other desirable articles, of the best styles.
☞ Purchasers will find at this establishment the largest and best assortment of Seasonable Goods in the city, at the very lowest prices, by wholesale or retail—for cash only.
jy 20 is4t

PURE SPERM OIL.
E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.
Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 is4t

POETRY.

THE HEATHEN AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

[Some of the Pagan Africans visit the burial places of their departed relatives, with offerings of food and drink. Mothers have been known, for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, this annual oblation to their children's graves.]

'Daughter!—I bring thee food,—
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright,
The orange in its gold,
Fresh from the favorite tree,
Nuts in their brown and husky fold,
Dearest, I spread for thee.

'Year after year I tread
Thus to thy low retreat,—
But now the snow-hairs mark my head,
And age enchains my feet;
Oh!—many a change of wo
Hath dimm'd thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth.

'There came a midnight cry;
Flames from our hamlet rose,
A race of pale-brow'd men were nigh—
They were our country's foes:
Thy wounded sire was borne
By tyrant force away,—
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,
While bathed in blood I lay.

'I watched for their return,
Upon the rocky shore,
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,
And the long rains were o'er;
Till seed their hand had sown,
A ripened fruitage bore,
The billows echoed to my moan,
But they returned no more.

'Yet thou art slumbering deep;
And to my wildest cry,
When vexed with agony I weep,
Dost render no reply:
Daughter!—my youthful pride,
The idol of my eye,—
Why dost thou leave thy mother's side,
Beneath these sands to lie?'

Long o'er the hopeless grave,
Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save,
That Pagan mother wept;
Oh! for some voice of power,
To soothe her bursting sighs—
'*There is a resurrection hour—*
Thy daughter's dust shall rise!'

Christians! ye hear the cry
From heathen Afric's strand,—
Haste! lift salvation's banners high,
O'er that benighted land;
With faith that claims the skies,
Her misery control;
And plant the hope that never dies
Deep in the tear-wet soul.

THE SKY.

The sky, the great, the glorious sky—
What beauty dwelleth there!
The sky, the bright, the gorgeous sky,
Can aught with it compare?
At rosy morn, at eve, at night,
I gaze with ever new delight.

A crystal dome, whence gem-like rays
Of light come pouring down;
A vault, whose fires close-studded blaze
On Night's imperial crown:
Triumphal arch, with gay clouds hung,
Like banners round a hero flung.

A canopy, 'neath which the earth,
With mighty ocean lies;
Stretched o'er them when, at nature's birth,
The angel's wandering eyes
Beheld, completed by his hand,
This work th' Almighty Father planned.

When first the ruddy sun appears
'Mid dewy flowers that slept,
Like bridegroom that would kiss the tears
Love for his absence wept,
And woos back to his warm embrace,
Their beauties hid from night's dark face.

And like a monarch clothed in flame,
He rides in triumph on,
Till clouds that with the darkness came,
Have melted one by one;
And floods of glory wide are poured
From chariot of day's haughty lord.

And when thy myriad flashing rays
At evening hour are seen,
Like clustering diamonds' gorgeous blaze,
Spread o'er the deep serene;
And shines the bow which since the flood
Has monument of mercy stood;

When high the uppiled masses loom
In awful darkness grand,
And strange, paortentous shape assume,
Like giant castled land,
As if the war, 'twixt gods and men,
Were gathering in the heavens again;

And when the tempest dies away,
And reigns a holy calm,
When stars peep out at close of day,
And low winds breathe of balm,
And from her silver car the moon
Looks down on fragrant buds of June—

The sky, the great, the glorious sky—
What beauty still is there!
The sky, the bright, the gorgeous sky,
Can aught with it compare?
Upon each varying shade and light,
I gaze with rapture morn and night!

I love the earth, I love the sky,
The song birds and the flowers,
The idle wind that frolics by,
In summer's leafy bowers.
My heart leaps up at their sweet call,
I feel 'My Father made them all.'

CONSCIENCE.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heav'n,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar,
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.

INTELLIGENCE.

[From the Southern Rose Bud.]

A FAMILY SCENE.

I carried with me from my mother's house a cat, which was so beautiful that I named her Fairy, in honor of the damsel who was changed to Grimalkin, in the old romance. If I had a prejudice, it was in favor of cats and against dogs; this was unfortunate, for soon after my marriage I was introduced to a mastiff of Edward's nearly as large as myself. I had often heard him speak of his dog, and the faithfulness with which he guarded the office. I was too busy in other interests to think much of Growler for some time. I only observed that, on occasional visits, (for the office was his head quarters,) Fairy's back rose indignantly, and I felt mine disposed to mount too. At length, Growler, finding the house so comfortable, came home at night and daringly laid his unweildy form on the centre of the hearth rug, while Fairy, routed from her luxuriant station, stood upon her dignity, hissing and sputtering in one corner.

For a long period a single look from me would make Edward banish Growler from the room; but a present of a new office dog from a friend completely established him at home, and my husband became accustomed to my look and Growler's presence. When he grew indifferent, my ire was roused. I affirmed that of all created things dogs were the dirtiest—that the house was filled with fleas—that my visiters never could approach the fire—that Growler eat us out of house and home—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the Wilton carpet and floors, we had better be in a wigwam.

Edward sometimes gently excused his dog, sometimes defended him, and always turned him out doors. The animal knowing he had an enemy in the cabinet would sneak in with coward look; his tail between his legs, but invariably succeeded in ensconcing himself on Fairy's rightful domain.

At length I became quite nervous about him. It seemed to me that he haunted me like a ghost. I was even jealous of Edward's caresses to him, and looked and spoke as no good wife should look or speak to her husband.

It is from permitting such trifles to gain the ascendency over the mind that most connubial discords proceed. We dwell on some peculiarity in manner or taste opposed to our own, and jar the rich harp of domestic happiness, until one by one, every string is broken. I might have gone on this foolish ingensity unhappiness, and perhaps have been among those whose matrimonial bands are chains, not garlands, had I not when reading one Sabbath morning the fifth chapter of Ephesians, been struck with a sudden sense of my duty, as I met the words, 'and the wife see that she *reverence* her husband.'

Oh, young and lovely bride, watch well the first moments when your will conflicts with his to whom God and society have given the control; reverence his wishes even when you do not his opinions. Opportunities enough will arise for the expression of your independence, to which he will gladly accede without a contest for trifles. The beautiful independence, that soars over and conquers an irritable temper is higher than any other. So sure as you believe faults of temper are beneath prayer and self examination, you are on dangerous ground; a fountain will spring up on your household hearth of bitter and troubled waters.

When this conviction came over me, I threw myself upon my knees, and prayed to God for a gentle, submissive temper. After long and earnest inquiry into my own heart, I left the chamber, calm and happy. Edward was reading, and Growler stood beside him. I approached them softly and patting the dog's head, said, 'So Growler helping your master read?' Edward looked at me inquiringly. I am sure my whole expression of face was changed; he drew me to him in silence and gave me a token of regard he never bestowed on Growler. From that moment, though I wince a little at his inroads on my neat house keeping, I never gave the dog any angry word, and I taught Fairy to regard him as one of the lords of creation.

Growler's intelligence was remarkable, although it did not equal that of Sir Walter Scott's bull dog terrier, Camp, who could perceive the meaning of words, and who understood an allusion to an offence he had committed against the baker, for which he had been punished. In whatever voice and tone it was mentioned, he would get up and retire into the darkest corner of the room with an air of distress. But if you said, 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp, came forth from his hiding place, capered, barked and rejoiced. Growler, however, had many of those properties of observation which raise the canine race so high in the affections of man.

When Edward made his forenoon *sortie* from the office to look at his sleeping boy, Growler always accompanied him and rested his fore paws on the head of the cradle. As the babe grew older, he loved to try experiments upon the dog's sagacity and the child's courage.

Sometimes Fred was put into a basket, and Growler drew him carefully about the room with a string between his teeth; as the boy advanced in strength, he was seated upon the dog's back with a whip in his hand. When my attachment to Growler increased, new experiments were made particularly after the birth of Martha. She was an exquisite little infant, and it seemed to us that the dog was more gentle and tender in his movements with her, than with Frederick. When two months old, Edward sometimes arranged a shawl carefully about her, tied it strongly and putting the knot between the dog's teeth, sent her across the room to me. No mother ever carried a child more skillfully. Of course, all these associations attached him to the infant, and after a while he deserted the rug, where Fairy again established herself, and laid himself down and slept by the infant's cradle.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog. Every one has felt it. The little plump hand looks smaller and whiter, in his rough hair and the round dimpled check rests on his shaggy coat—like a flower on a rock.

Edward and Frederick rode one afternoon to Roxbury to take tea with a friend. Our *woman in the kitchen* wished to pass the night with a sick person, after the evening lecture, and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha in Polly's care. We were prevented, by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the neck although it was fine sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I had never been so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederick with my furs, who soon fell asleep, singing his own lullaby. As we entered the square we perceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night, and no light was visible, but a universal brilliancy through the crevices of our parlor shutters. Our hearts misgave us. I uttered an involutary cry and Edward said, that 'a common fire light could not produce such an effect.' He urged his horse, we reached the house, I sprang for the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and both screamed in agony, 'fire!' In vain, Edward attempted to wrench the bolt or burst the door—that horrible light still gleamed on us. We flew to the side door, and then I recollected that a window was usually left open in a room which communicated with the parlor, for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The window was open, and as Edward threw down logs that we might reach it, we heard a stifled howl. We mounted the logs and could just raise our heads to the window. Oh, heavens! what were our emotions, as we saw Growler with his fore paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with her night dress between his teeth, ready to spring at the last extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it but one of his customary gambols. With a little effort, Edward reached the child, and Growler, springing to the ground, fawned and grovelled at our feet.

Edward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry from the close atmosphere and excess of terror. She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window curtain. The moment a blaze appeared, she endeavored to extinguish it; 'but,' said she, 'the flames ran like wild fire; and when I found I could do nothing, I snatched Martha from the cradle, and ran into the entry to get out the back door; after that I recollect nothing.

With prodigious efforts, the house was saved, though with great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us? We were sheltered by a hospitable neighbor; our little cherub was clasped in our arms, amid smiles and tears; and Growler, our good Growler, with a whimpering lay sleeping at our feet.

(From a London paper.)

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.

A Romance of Real Life.

The following singular story, which was current among the English residents in St. Petersburgh, at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated by a person newly arrived from that part of the Continent.

In the early part of the year 1826, an English gentleman, from Akmefcht in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw, in Poland, about an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking a refreshment, to take a walk through the streets.—While sauntering in front of one of the public buildings, he met with an elderly gentleman of a grave aspect and courteous demeanor. After a mutual exchange of civilities, they got into conversation, during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whither he was going. The other in a most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house, till such times as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding with a smile, that it was not improbable but he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return. The invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without, and rich and commodious within.

Unbounded liberality on the part of the Pole, produced unbounded confidence on the part of the Englishman.—The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of his leaving home—deeming that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his munificent host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days, he prepared for his departure, and on asking for his box, how was he amazed, when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise, replied, 'What box?' 'Why the small box of jewels which I gave you to keep for me!' 'My dear sir, you must be surely mistaken; I really never saw nor heard of such a box.' The Englishman was pertrified. After recovering himself a little, he requested he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it.—She came, and on being questioned, answered in exact unison with her husband—expressed the same surprise, and benevolently endeavored to persuade her distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment and despair, he walked out of of the house, and went to the tavern at which he pnt up on his arrival at Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his iniquitous host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the Grand Duke, who fortunately happened at that time to be in Warsaw.

He waited on him, with little ceremony was admitted to an audience. He briefly laid down his case, and Constantine, 'with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse.' Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character. 'However,' he added, 'I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery.' So saying he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day, and despatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed the summons. 'Have you no recollection of having received a box of Jewels from the hand of this gentleman?' said the Duke. 'Never my Lord,' was the reply. 'Strange indeed. Are you perfectly conscious,' turning to the Englishman, 'that you gave the box as stated?' 'Quite certain, my Lord.' Then addressing himself to the Jew—'this is a very singular case, and I feel it my duty to use singular means to ascertain the truth—is your wife at home?' 'Yes my Lord.' 'Then,' continued Constantine, 'here is a sheet of paper, and here is a pen, proceed to write a note to your wife in such terms as I shall dictate.' Aaron lifted the pen. 'Now' said this second Solomon, 'commence by saying, All is discovered!!—There is no resource left but to deliver up the box. I have owned the fact in the presence of the Grand Duke.' A tremor shook the frame of the Israelite, and the pen dropped from his fingers.—But instantly recovering himself he exclaimed, 'That is impossible, my Lord.—That would be directly inplicating myself.' 'I give you my word and honor,' said Constantine, 'in presence of all in the room, that what you write shall never be used as an instrument against you, farther than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear—but if you persist in not writing it I will hold it as a proof of your guilt.'

With a trembling hand the terrified Jew wrote out the note, folded it up, and, as he was desired, sealed it with his own signet. Two officers were despatched with it to the house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents, she swooned and sunk to the ground.—The box was delivered up, and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his villany deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

THE DELUGE.—*How* the deluge was caused, we may guess, but cannot state with certainty; yet there is no fact in the history of mankind of which we have more decisive evidence, than this awful occurrence. Not only is it recorded by the inspired writers, but ancient profane historians speak of it as an event well known; and the popular legends of almost every nation, both in the old and new world,—nay, the traditions of the recently discovered islands in the Pacific Ocean,—preserve the memory of this wide-wasting destruction. Natural history lends powerful aid to strengthen these proofs: traces of a time when their summits were beneath the water, are to be discovered on the tops of the loftiest hills and the highest mountains; and the bones of animals, now confined to tropical regions, have been found in caverns, both in England and in various parts of the European continent.—*Outlines of Sacred History.*

ENGLISH OAKS.—The oldest oak in England, is supposed to be the Parliament oak, (so called from the tradition of Edward I. holding a parliament under its branches,) in Clipstone Park belonging to the Duke of Portland; this park being also the most ancient in the island. It was a park before the conquest, and seized as such by the conqueror. The tree is supposed to be 1500 years old. The tallest oak in England was the property of the same nobleman—it was called the Duke's Walking Stick—higher than the Westminster Abbey—and stood till of late years. The largest oak in England is the Calhorpe oak, Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference, where the trunk meets the ground. The Three Shire Oak at Worksop, was so called from covering parts of Yorkshire, Nottingham, and Derby; it had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this Island, dropping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelonos in Monmouthshire, in 1810. Its bark brought two hundred pounds, and its timber six hundred and seventy pounds sterling.—*London Quar. Review.*

CONSOLATION.—'Father,' said a sporting youth to his revered parent, 'they say trout will bite now.' 'Well, well,' was the consoling reply, 'mind your work, then, and you'll be sure they wont bite you.'

Paris Savings Bank. The Directors of the Savings Bank of Paris have just published their annual Report for 1839, of which the following is the substance:—

The total amount invested on January 1. 1838 was—

For the Departments	56 578,063fr
For Paris	50 304,516
Total	106.882,579fr.

At the close of 1838 the Deposits amounted to—

For the Departments	83,033,131fr.
For Paris	62,870,779
Total	145,923,910fr.

Thus, during 1838 there was an augmentation of 38 millions of francs; of which 26,000,000fr. were for the departments; and 12 000,000fr. for the capital. The difference between investments and reimbursements, which in 1837, was only 477,363 francs, amounted, in 1838, to 12,664,202fr—The difference between the numbers of new accounts opened, and of those which were closed during 1838 was an increase of 17,312; so that the total number of accounts open on the 31st December last was 102,190.—At this moment the number is 105,000.

The relative proportion between the population and the number of depositors appears from the following calculation:—Of 310,000 men 35,000 have accounts, or 11 in 100. Of 320,000 women, 36,000 have accounts, or 11 in 100.—Of 260,000 children, 9,000 have accounts or 4 in 100. Totals, 890,000 persons, 100,000 accounts, or 11 in 100. With regard to the professions or employments of the depositors, it appears that the most economical classes are domestic servants, and these who have fixed salaries. Out of 68,000 persons, the total number of both sexes in Paris who are domestics or have fixed salaries, 22,000 have accounts in the Savings Bank, being 33 in 100.—the total number of smiths, painters, joiners, masons, etc employed in building is 30,000, of whom 7,800 have accounts, or 26 in 100.—Workmen engaged as cabinet makers, upholsterers, goldsmiths, and similar luxuries, amount to 28,000, of whom 8,600 have accounts, or 31 in 100. Persons employed as tailors, shoemakers, and other trades connected with clothing, amount to 31,000, of whom 7, 600 have accounts, or 25 in 100. Clerks and other persons employed as writers, etc. amount to 20-000, of whom 4.500 have accounts, or 23 in 100. Thus out of 100,000 workmen of different descriptions in Paris, 28,000 have accounts, or 28 in 100.

The way Sects are made.—There is in Virginia a sect of Baptists called 'Rather Brethren.' Their origin is thus described by one of the Baptist papers: A few years since, one of these brethren, at a prayer-meeting, was reading the first chapter of the second Epistle of Peter. After reading the 10th verse, he stopped to make some comments. The verse reads as follows: 'Wherefore, the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure,' &c. In reading it he left out the comma after the word *rather*, and evidently understood the word *brethren* in the third person instead of the second; for in commenting upon it he remarked, that these *rather brethren*, he supposed, were rather a superior order in the Church, especially as Paul said they were very diligent! This enlightened exposition gained him the appellation of the *rather brother*, and when he became the head of a party that broke off from the regular Baptists, all who went with him were also called the 'Rather Brethren.'—*Christian Witness.*

Lady Frances Wilson was a Lady of very plain personal appearance; yet one gentleman, for several seasans, perseveringly gazed at her from the pit in the Opera House, so as to cause her considerable annoyance: until at length one day she was informed that Mr —— had left her all his fortune; and prompted by curiosity to ascertain if it was the same person who had admired her at the theatre, she requested to see the deceased, and identified the corpse as being that of Mr ——. It was said that Lady Frances owed this piece of good fortune to a mistake, as it was a very beautiful woman who occupied the next box to hers, to whom the gentleman had intended to leave his property, and that he was mistaken as to the name of the object of his *belle passion.*

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